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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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THE COMING OF THE PILGRIMS
FROM A PAINTING BY C. M. PADDAY, REPRODUCED IN "THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA" (YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS).

Bookbuyer's Argument

THERE has been some discussion of a proposal made in this column two weeks ago, that publishers should divide their books into two classes—books to keep and books to read and discard, shelf books and table books—and manufacture and price them accordingly. The distinction proposed was not between good books and bad books, or even between light books and solid books. It was rather a time division, separating the volumes (no matter how readable and important) which would be dead in six months or a year, from the books (no matter how narrow in interest or fragile in artistic quality) which, if good at all, would be as good after several years as when first published.

It has been objected to this suggestion that it is precisely upon the books of short life that the publishers wish and need to cash in with high prices. But this is a publisher's objection not a reader's argument. Of course they do, and that is one cause of trouble in the book business. Books on the third year of the Russian five-year plan, books on the state of Europe in the spring of 1932, ephemeral novels, experimental first-novels, books on presidential candidates and the front-page celebrities of the moment, are offered us at from $2.50 to $5.00. And we do not buy them.

It is objected that not enough can be saved by cheap production of timely and transitory books to justify any considerable reduction of price. Here we are frankly skeptical. As Mr. Dwiggins said in the Points of View columns last week, what we are asked to pay for in most of our current books is not excellence but pretentiousness. A good timely book, well printed on cheap paper, with cheap but attractive binding, even if stitched, could be got out for somewhat less than the current standard book, and in the present mood of the American public would be more likely to be bought, and hence more likely to effect the saving that in the book trade comes chiefly through quantity sales—and especially if the titles published were radically refined and reduced. Hitherto when cheap new books have been offered they have been cheap in every way, and also pretentious, and they have been offered, not by all publishers as a standard method of publication, but by one or two, as an experiment. Let *all*

(*Continued on next page*)

It Begins

WE BEGIN. By HELEN GRACE CARLISLE. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

THIS novel was bound to be written by someone and it is fortunate that the first comer began the difficult task with so much sincerity of purpose and real breadth of background. The title is a challenge. "We" represents America, but the theme is the story of the Pilgrims, from their first obscure bandings together in England, through the difficulties of exile in the Low Countries, upon the Mayflower's hazardous and death-ridden voyage, and then dramatically onward through the first years of settlement to permanency in a new land. But it is not "we" of course who are beginning, for the Pilgrims were only an episode, though an important one, in the settling of the United States; it is rather that tension between Puritanism and materialism, between Puritanism and the love of life, between a society planned for moral ends and a society permitting of free self-development, which has been a characteristic of American history pretty much everywhere, though New England and the westward-moving and everywhere educating New Englanders supplied its type examples. "It Begins" would be a more accurate title.

Someone was sure to write a psychoanalytic novel of the Pilgrim fathers, and, if the term is used loosely, this is precisely what Miss Carlisle has done. The moral tension, the bewilderment, and the fanaticism which results from a conflict between individual ideas and the dominant orthodoxy of a settled environment, emerge like the complication of an old-fashioned plot in the first chapters of this novel, where the desire of a family to live according to their own consciences comes into conflict with the laws of England and results, not only in hardship and injustice, leading to exile, but also in a division of the family itself. Two brothers in love with the daughter of a Puritan neighbor begin the drama. One practises righteousness, and one practises righteousness upon others, one is the moral man and one is the dictator of morals. Anne chooses John, the man made in the image of God rather than Eleazar, the man who interprets God to his neighbors, and thus the

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A New Education*

By JOHN ERSKINE

EDUCATION may be successful when the teacher or the student has already a philosophy of life. It may be successful when the teacher is imparting a subject matter he loves, or when the student is acquiring a subject matter he desires. But we get into trouble when, without a philosophy and without enthusiasm for any one subject, we try to produce culture in a vacuum, or try to be intelligent about nothing in particular.

Our methods of teaching may be good or bad, but until we decide what we wish to teach, we can't tell how bad or how good the methods are.

It is easy to illustrate the problem in our schools today, or if we look back, we can see how our fathers faced or fumbled it in the past. The present curriculum in the average place of liberal education calls for a certain number of hours or courses in certain areas of knowledge, in language and literature, in history, in mathematics, in social science, in economics, in the physical sciences. We have a general persuasion that some knowledge of these and other subjects is good for the student so long as he is not aiming at complete mastery of any one subject; while he is pursuing culture, as we say, orienting himself before he chooses his life work, we prescribe a balanced ration, in which all the departments get a fair share of his time over a period of four years.

Since the four years are fixed by a tradition which has little to do with our present purposes, there is nothing sacred about them, or if the tradition makes them seem sacred, by no principle of education and by no results can they be proved necessary. What we achieve now in four years we might as well achieve in five, or in three, or even in two. We might mix the balanced diet in other proportions without altering the effect, we might give the student a little more mathematics, a little less literature, an extra hour in chemistry, a shorter course in French, without appreciably adding to the culture which he will take away with his diploma, and without handicapping his intelligence.

To a certain extent we might interchange the requirements of the four years, letting the student take the sophomore work first and the freshman courses afterwards. We have prescribed a sequence in time rather than in logic.

This flexibility of the college program, this looseness which some will call flabbiness, is inevitable so long as we are educating for nothing in particular but only for culture, and so long as we do not agree in our definitions of culture.

Anyone can point out this apparently vulnerable condition in our educational procedure. It is as easy to name also the paradox in our achievements. We do not always fail, quite as often we succeed, but we are not sure what produces the failure or what brings about the success. We merely know that many students accumulate enough good marks to graduate without acquiring culture or developing intelligence, without scholarship or curiosity, without general information, without evidence in their own personalities that they have for four years lived in the neighborhood of the intellectual life. On the other hand, many students do acquire culture in their college course, learn there to be intelligent, become respectable scholars, and carry away in their own personalities something which deserves to be called sweetness and light.

Moreover, the student who has not found himself during the college course, frequently shows intellectual power when he enters the law school or the medical school. Having at last a definite direction, he gets in motion, uses his mind, and discovers as by-products of his professional work, the very cultural interests he missed in college. Other students, however, take their professional course narrowly, and acquire from it nothing but a trade.

Since we are so unsure of what we are doing, some of us condemn our present college course, others with good arguments praise it, others are content merely to explain how it evolved, on the theory that to understand is better than to praise or blame.

We set before the college student three great stages of our history, as though they were of equal importance, though in intellectual and educational ideals they were so different as to be mutually hostile. In our effort to formulate some philosophy of history, we allude but lightly to the antagonisms between the ancient world of Greece and Rome, the medieval world, and the modern machine world. We try to present the past as an evolution in which nothing good need be lost; our hope is to inherit all of it. Perhaps this hope is impracticable. Perhaps we can inherit all three stages of western civilization only so long as we commit ourselves to none of them. Perhaps this is why we avoid the choice of an intellectual or educational goal.

The ancient world educated slaves and citizens. In both cases the education was practical, or, as we should say, professional. What kind of crafts Athens and Rome wanted from the slaves, what kinds of skill and knowledge they wanted from

* The Experimental College. By Alexander Meiklejohn. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.50.

This Week

CHARITY OF EARTH: A Poem.
By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

"PRIVATE PAPERS OF JAMES BOSWELL."
Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.

"ALBERT THE GOOD."
Reviewed by DAVID OWEN.

"PROHIBITION VERSUS CIVILIZATION."
Reviewed by REX MAURICE NAYLOR.

"SHEBA VISITS SOLOMON."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"MR. DU QUESNE AND OTHER ESSAYS."
Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT.

"AMERICA IN THE PACIFIC."
Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.

"THUNDER AND DAWN."
Reviewed by NORMAN THOMAS.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"THE BRONTE FAMILY."
Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT.

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the citizens, were clearly known. Education supplied the wants. That old world was not, like us, concerned with culture. The Greeks and the Romans were more ready than we are to let the past be past. They educated for a present life, and expected the educated to make use at once of what they had been taught.

I am not forgetting the ancient philosophers, the critical and speculative minds. I am remembering, however, that the speculative philosophers were not popular. When they left off moralizing, reinforcing man's will to live, and began asking questions about things in general, they were considered dangerous. When they could not point to a constructive purpose in their questions, but seemed to awaken the mind only to weaken the common man's confidence and pleasure in what he was doing, they ran the risk of exile or execution.

The medieval world educated also for citizenship, but chiefly for another life. The slaves or serfs still learned their crafts, for use here, but the nobler sort prepared for their place in the kingdom of God. Full of faith, they tried to define in earthly terms the mysteries which they knew were beyond words, but which bestowed light and grace on the language which reverently touched them. This vast exercise in definition begot the dialectic method of scholasticism, the most effective discipline yet invented for intellectual alertness and agility.

The Middle Ages also introduced into our education the cult of the past. All that survived of Greece and Rome, especially of Rome, was precious, as having set the particular stage, as it were, upon which the drama of the Redemption was to be enacted. As far as it could, the medieval mind found prophetic elements in the civilizations immediately preceding the coming of Christ. Virgil was interpreted almost as one of the Fathers; Socrates was honored for his dialectic, for his method of question and answer, and the poetic fancies of Plato were taken as shadowy foretellings of the scholastic doctrine.

As the Middle Ages approached modern times, the faith divided or grew cool, but the dialectic method flourished more widely than ever, the favorite intellectual instrument of the scientist and the skeptic as well as of the philosopher and the saint. How else could man think, but by dividing his questions into their several parts, and then defining the parts? And if this was the right way to think, by what other method could man arrive at truth?

Modern times imposed another method by furnishing new problems. Chemistry, physics, physiology could be solved, not by words but by investigation. When Francis Bacon, in the "Advancement of Learning," called for the installation of research laboratories, he attacked the employment of the dialectic method in those subjects which should issue in action rather than in words. Dialectic could define disease; he wished to cure it.

Bacon tried to commit us to a humane purpose in education, a practical betterment of man's physical condition. Perhaps the aim he set was too narrow, or perhaps there is a fascination in scientific research, like the fascination in dialectic, which makes either method pleasant to follow for its own sake, with the accompanying delusion that, so followed, it may lead us somewhere. In the liberal college we now study science, not to do something with it, but merely to know its technique.

Here are conflicting ideals. The ancient world trained for performance and behavior as citizens. The medieval world trained to clarify and to express an accepted faith, which emphasized another life than this. The modern world trains, in the liberal college, neither for faith nor for performance, but for culture, which in general seems to be defined as a side-line acquaintance with all kinds of knowledge which other men, at other times and in other places, have put to practical use.

Today we hear pleas for reform in our education, usually a plea that we commit ourselves more fully to one or the other of these past ideals. The tendency which is strongest at the moment in our schools, and which to some extent begins to affect our colleges, is toward a practice of arts and crafts, not as a professional occupation but as a training for sanity and happiness. A more general use of athletics, a more general participation in music or dancing or painting or acting, seems to be the mark of our next program. Dr. L. P. Jacks preaches this doctrine with great eloquence in England and in our country, and our recreation societies reinforce it for society at large.

I sympathize deeply with this movement, yet I wonder what the practice of the arts will amount to, unless we have something to say in the arts, and I wonder how we can have anything to say until we have given our allegiance, emotionally as well as intellectually, to some faith, to some mastering ideal, to some religion. I employ the word in a broad sense; the Russian communist has a religion in communism. He knows what he is educating for; he knows what his science and his art are trying to express and bring forth.

Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, in his new book, "The Experimental College," suggests another answer. He would have the liberal college train for intelligence, and the method would be discussion, based on such reading as would bring to the students the problems of our present day. Since the dialectic method is important to the plan, the arts and the sciences are left a little to one side. So also is scholarship, as universities understand it. "The idea will not be found among those special activities which are the trades, crafts, vocations, professions, of human society. Nor will it be discovered in the midst of those special investigations, those limited and partial studies which we sum up under the term 'scholarship.' . . . Liberal education is not training in technical skill; nor is it instruction in knowledge."

This book is a report of the Experimental College which Dr. Meiklejohn conducted for the University of Wisconsin in the five years from 1926 to 1931. The reading lists are given, the assignments for student papers, the subjects of discussion. The most valuable part of the book, however, are those pages in which Dr. Meiklejohn thinks out loud about the whole project. Few men can describe the defects of our education better than he, and though I do not agree with his remedy, I admire his enthusiasm for it, and the candor with which he records the difficulties he found in applying it.

As Dean of Brown University, and as President of Amherst, he disclosed the qualities which distinguish this report. He has the gift of personal leadership which wins the devotion of boys. His criticisms of our education are aimed at obvious faults, and are therefore convincing. He has a genius for dialectic, so much so that he seems a transplanted scholastic. But since he is medieval in no other respect, he uses dialectic, not to define a faith but merely to sharpen wits. I believe I am not unfair in saying that in spite of himself he defines intelligence as keenness in discussion.

Surely, whatever promotes keenness or intelligence of any kind, ought to be welcome. It has always seemed to me, however, that Mr. Meiklejohn's program carried with it a neglect of those intellectual interests which have deep emotional roots, and of those which are pursued in silence, by experiment in the laboratory, or by plain hard study at home. His boys, as I have met them, were devoted to him; they had an eager taste for argument; they could discuss many things adroitly, on the basis of very little information. They had, or at short notice they could have, ideas about the various arts, but they could not themselves perform in those arts, and they were inclined to be weak in the languages or in mathematics or in the laboratory sciences, in those routine stages where there is not much to discuss but a great deal to learn. Their training in dialectic had made them keen, but perhaps it had also disposed them not to take a practical and constructive place in the world we must live in.

Dr. Meiklejohn does not, I am sure, desire the result I think I see in his method. If he spends more skill on quickening the brains of his boys than in directing them toward life, the reason probably is that he does not know what direction they ought to take, and until he knows, he will not commit them. Indeed, he says in his report that the purpose of a useful experimental college would be to discover first of all a new and satisfactory ideal for education. "We must find and teach a new way of life."

By an intelligent examination of modern times we may discover, he believes, a satisfactory goal, an ideal, a faith.

I respect the effort, but I do not kindle to it. It is too much like the quest for a satisfactory issue just before a political campaign. A great ideal is not evolved by a popular vote, nor by a debate. Some one man has to believe in it first. If he believes in it enough, he will preach it. His disciples will spread it. Culture will then take care of itself.

Perhaps the next great ideal in American education is evolving under our eyes, thanks to innumerable teachers who believe in it—but these teachers are in the schools, in the recreation centers, in settlement houses, in organizations for adult training. It may be a waste of time to try to reform the colleges, for the colleges will eventually accept whatever ideal the country as a whole believes in.

If we may trust the signs in the schools and in these other non-collegiate areas of education, our country believes more and more in performance and has less and less confidence in salvation through lectures or through talk. The new emphasis upon arts and crafts illustrates the tendency. Even the educated are not unwilling to use their hands—in fact, the result of the new education is a wish to use their hands. We have talked so much about our right to a job that we are coming to feel an obligation to be prepared for the job in case we get it. We believe we are in this world to do something, to produce, to create.

If the children in the schools make their own plays, text, costume, and scenery, and entertain themselves with their own music, the elders will follow their example, or the children will grow up and become elders without losing entirely their early competence. Even in recreation our standards of performance will go up.

Once you encourage children to try out practically whatever they are taught, they will expect their elders to practise whatever they teach. That way lies a new and, in my opinion, a desirable kind of college, in which men with the creative passion for their subjects advocate those subjects to whatever youth will listen. The born historian will advocate history, the confirmed writer will advocate literature, the dedicated scientist will plead for his research. In comparison with such a group, teaching what with all their hearts they believe in, the average college of today must seem withered and cynical; and in comparison with them a college given chiefly to critical examination of the universe must seem a little barren.

And if the teacher cannot set forth his subject with that degree of flame, let him find another job.

Charity of Earth

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

NAMES can be writ in water and forgot
And the frail traceries of a season pass
As the long-buried leaves of Autumn rot
And unrecorded footprints fill with grass.
There is a charity in earth's old way
Of making over, bending to her own
Purpose the pride of all-too-stubborn clay,
The ineffectual arrogance of stone.

Lean ladders on the sky, take hope of steel,
Challenge with domes and pinnacles and towers
Time's treacherously soft and wingèd heel,
The city of tomorrow is not ours,
Nor ours the strength which cannot be denied,
Whose kingdom is the last, whose works abide.

Bookbuyer's Argument

(*Continued from preceding page*)

books of the timely variety be sold cheaply, and suspicions as to quality will quickly disappear.

The reprint series—such as The Modern Library, the Blue Ribbon, the Star—have blazed the trail which timely new books must follow. The expense and risk is of course greater with first-published books, but the problem is identical—the reader must be persuaded to buy—and the solution cannot be radically different. Has any real attempt been made in our generation to publish short-lived books cheaply, any real attempt in which the book-trade as a whole has shared, and where the resources of mechanical ingenuity were called upon? We doubt it.

Finally, it is objected against this publishing plan, that no easy distinction can be made between shelf books and table books. Nothing is easy in the publishing business, unless (just now) losing money, but surely this separation involves no more than the usual amount of trial and error, with this security, that a timely book which proved to be relatively timeless in its lasting qualities, could always be reissued in a sounder edition from the same plates. Here is the *Saturday Review's* off-hand classification of a group of this season's books:

BOOKS FOR THE MOMENT
Quality—Fair to Good.
Interest—Considerable to High.
Probable Length of Life—Three Months to a Year.

"Can Europe Keep the Peace?" By Frank H. Simonds. $3.
"Mexican Maze." By Carleton Beals. $3.
"Murder on Wheels." By Stuart Palmer. $2.
"Samuel Seabury: A Challenge." By Walter Chambers. $3.50.
"U. S. S. R. Russia Today." By Theodor Seibert. $3.
"Manchuria: The Cockpit of Asia." By P. T. Etherton and H. H. Tithman. $3.
"Hindenburg." By T. R. Ybarra. $3.
"Nudism Comes to America." By F. and M. Merrill. $3.
"The Great Day Is Coming." A novel by Georgette Carneal. $2.50.

BOOKS FOR THE SHELF
Quality—Fair to Excellent.
Interest—Higly Specialized to High for Anyone.
Probable Length of Life—Two Years to Ten or More.

"Jean-Jacques Rousseau." By Matthew Josephson. $5.
"Theodore Roosevelt." By Henry F. Pringle. $5.
"Mourning Becomes Electra." By Eugene O'Neill. $2.50.
"Shadows on the Rock." By Willa Cather. $2.50.
"The Theatre on the Frontier." By William G. B. Carson. $5.
"History of Sienese Painting." By G. H. Edgell. $10.
"Limits and Renewals." By Rudyard Kipling. $2.50.
"The Life of Emerson." By Van Wyck Brooks. $3.
"God and My Father." By Clarence Day. $1.

And here is a third group which we should guess to be books of the moment, but should expect that in several cases our decision would involve a risk of error. There will always be a gamble in publishing.

"The Experimental College." By Alexander Meiklejohn. $2.50.
"Recovery." By Sir Arthur Salter. $3.
"Money for Tomorrow." By W. E. Woodward. $1.50.
"As I See It." By Norman Thomas. $2.50.
"The Tragedy of Henry Ford." By J. N. Leonard. $3.
"Girl Into Woman." By Sophie Kerr. $2.

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More Boswell Papers

PRIVATE PAPERS OF JAMES BOSWELL FROM MALAHIDE CASTLE. In the Collection of LT. COLONEL RALPH HEYWARD ISHAM. Edited by FREDERICK A. POTTLE. Volumes 13 and 14. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1932.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

THE two latest volumes of the Boswell papers covering the period 1777-1781, contain plenty of new material to delight the heart of the Boswellian, but for those readers who still think of Boswell as Johnson's impressario they will be something of a disappointment. Vol. 13 contains the journal at Ashbourne, the home of Dr. Taylor, an old schoolfellow of Johnson's with whom Boswell also became intimate, and the jaunts to London in 1778 and 1779, but these journals were used in the writing of the Life, and all the Johnsonian juice has already been extracted from them. We knew, for instance, that Johnson considered Prior a "Lady's Book." What we did not know is that Boswell disagreed with the great Doctor, that he thought Prior's tales "rather too wanton for modest women, according to the established opinion. But I have my own private notions as to modesty," continues Boswell, "of which I would only value the appearance: for unless a woman has amorous heat she is a dull companion, and to have amorous heat in elegant perfection, the fancy should be warmed with lively ideas." This is the sort of comment that abounds in these journals and that enables us to know Boswell as we can never hope to know Johnson or indeed anybody except Boswell. No one, not even Pepys or Rousseau, possesses Boswell's uncanny capacity for self-revelation.

Professor Pottle spreads before us the daily records of Boswell's life with the same scrupulous care that he devoted to the bibliography. It can have been no easy task to decipher Boswell's handwriting with its cryptic abbreviations, and to reconstruct the passages that Boswell blotted out. "I have often been guided," says Professor Pottle, "by slight indications of the MS (dots of missing 'i's,' fragments of ascending and descending letters, etc.) which can hardly be indicated in a printed text." Verily of such is the scholar's kingdom of heaven. No detail of Boswell's life is too sordid or too trivial for this most conscientious of editors to ignore. Boswell's zest for life finds its match in his editor's zest for scholarship.

It need hardly be said that Boswell could ask for no better apologist. Knowing as much about him as he does, Professor Pottle refuses to strike a balance between what was noble and what was contemptible in Boswell's character. Complete understanding, as so often happens, involves complete sympathy. Among the noble elements in his character Professor Pottle rates highest "the disinterested love that he showed for his friends and relations." Perhaps Mrs. Boswell is not included in either category for it would be difficult for the most ardent Boswellian to expatiate on the disinterested love that he shows for his wife. The editor maintains that Boswell's isolation within the family was pathetic, that Mrs. Boswell, "admirable woman though she was, was given to deflating his swelling vanities with pointed sarcasms." That may be so, but did any woman ever have better cause for exercising whatever talent for sarcasm she possessed? The casual reader, unless he starts out prepared to make every allowance for Boswell's temperament, is more likely to be impressed with Mrs. Boswell's almost unbelievable forbearance than with her husband's pathetic isolation. Boswell himself records the "angelic attentions" of his "invaluable spouse" more often than her sarcasms. On one occasion, after he had told his wife that he had been "dallying with strumpets," he remarks, "she was goodhumored and gave me excellent beefsoup, which lubricated me and made me well." And yet Professor Pottle maintains that there was no member of the family to whom Boswell could turn for affectionate and uncritical support.

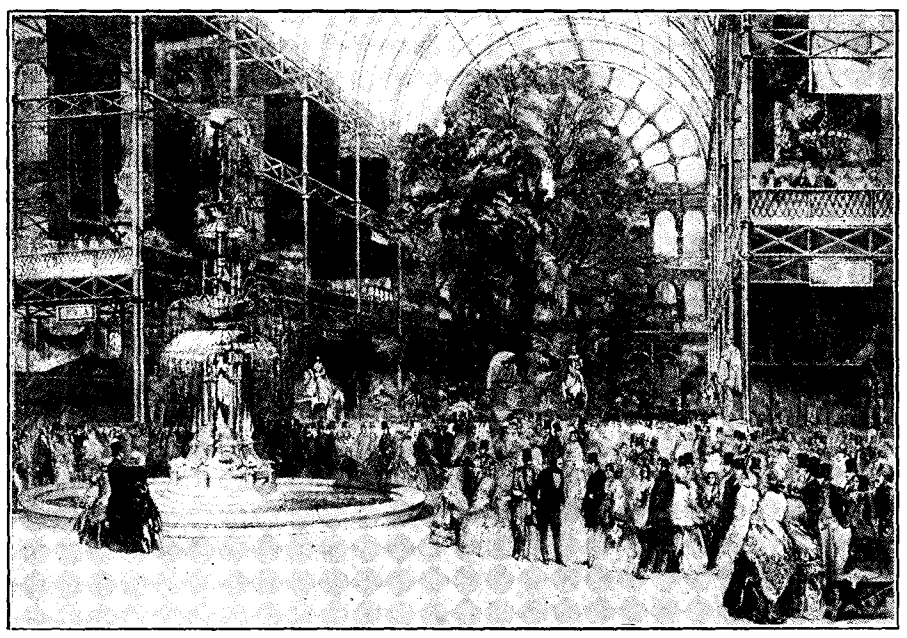
Professor Pottle also maintains that Boswell was a kind and thoughtful father. That he was fond of his children no one would deny, but in the two volumes before us there is no indication that they tugged at his heart strings. He liked to hear them recite the divine service, and he was pleased when they did well at dancing school, but they never for a moment deterred him from taking any of his beloved jaunts to London. Boswell was undoubtedly a good friend to John, his mentally deranged brother, but with his younger brother David, who had been in the wine business in Spain for thirteen years and whose homecoming Boswell looked forward to so eagerly, he very soon quarrelled. He complained of David's precision and self-conceit and in a burst of anger said that he would not travel with him for five guineas a day. That may possibly have been David's fault, but Dr. Johnson, not always an easy person to get on with, took a great liking to him. The fact is that Boswell was delightful as a friend but not so delightful in the family circle. Johnson once remarked that Boswell was never in anybody's company who did not wish to see him again. His constant desire to entertain everybody sometimes antagonized but usually endeared him to his friends and acquaintances. We do not hear that it endeared him to his father, to his stepmother, or to his brother.

Apart from the speculations about Boswell's character which the journals inevitably give rise to they contain a good deal of interesting information about distinguished people of the day, some of whom we have met in the journals before and some of whom appear in these volumes for the first time.

General Burgoyne flits through these pages, but unfortunately Boswell's interview with him at the very time when he was being subjected to official enquiry because of his conduct at the battle of Saratoga is not recorded. Boswell merely refers to it as one of the great events of his London jaunt. His sympathy with the American cause, which always annoyed Dr. Johnson, crops out continually. He can take no pleasure in the news of a victory in Georgia over Count D'Estaing and the Americans, "for I considered that it would only encourage a longer continuance of the ruinous war." Another personage of the day whom Boswell much enjoyed meeting was Lord Bute, the prime minister who was responsible for Johnson's pension. It had taken Boswell ten years to get into his lordship's house, like the siege of Troy as he cheerfully explained, but having had to wait so long he marvelled all the more at its splendor. "The Hall was a constellation of laced footmen; all glitter." Even more exciting was his interview with the King, which he was at particular pains to record before dinner on his return home. Conversations recorded after dinner had a sad way of getting twisted. For a moment Boswell was in some uneasiness lest the King should not speak to him, but eventually the King did turn to him and they discussed General Paoli.

It is astonishing how absorbed the reader gets in Boswell's daily struggle against the sins of the flesh. Actually it is a tragic story but his infinite resiliency blinds the reader, as no doubt it did Boswell himself, to the pathos of his situation. As we lay down each successive volume we wonder again why he chose to strip himself naked before the world. The fact that he did not destroy the journal seems to indicate that he contemplated ultimate publication. No doubt he did not want his contemporaries to read the full record of his backslidings but posterity he may have felt would be more lenient. And yet if Boswell had been intent on self-immortalization he would surely, as Professor Pottle suggests, have made specific provision for the publication of his papers at some period after his death, instead of which he left the question for his executors and his children to decide. Now that it has been decided his ghost is probably preening itself with satisfaction, but the welcome that Colonel Isham and Professor Pottle will receive in the next world from Mrs. Boswell is another matter.

Arnold Whitridge is assistant professor of English at Columbia University and a frequent writer on literary subjects.



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN HYDE PARK IN 1851
"The triumph of my beloved Albert."—Queen Victoria.

The Blameless Prince

ALBERT THE GOOD. By HERBERT BOLITHO. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by DAVID OWEN
Yale University

VIRTUE as impregnable as Albert's doubtless has its rewards, but many popular biographers would find it only a bother. Their zeal for humanizing has placed us on our guard against the "modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise." It is therefore no small part of Mr. Bolitho's achievement that he has accepted the Albertian legend substantially as it fell from the respectful hands of Sir Theodore Martin and has made it credible. "Albert the Good" will give cold comfort to the reader who prefers his idols tarnished.

Mr. Bolitho approaches his subject with the reverence that becomes one who has lived for some years at Windsor Castle and who has been admitted into the archival holy-of-holies of Coburg. We are to take the Prince Consort almost as seriously as he was taken by the Queen herself. This is perhaps just as well, for Albert is not a proper target for flippant irony. When his life is viewed of a piece, it seems to hold unmistakable elements of tragedy. The Prince was not always a disciple of the Gospel of Work, the human Clothos, who, under the green lamp, spun interminable state papers. As a youth in the seclusion of a minor German state, he was romantic and introspective, though even then the scholar. It was the work of Leopold and Stockmar, representatives of a royal house on the make, to bend the twig. From the dreamy adolescent they fashioned a political mechanism which served their purpose admirably, though in the process were sacrificed some of the less pedantic qualities of Albert's nature. Always a foreigner in England, he could recapture the delicious sensations of his youth only by a visit to his beloved Rosenau. But on his last trip, Coburg too proved an alien country, and Albert found himself a stranger in both his houses.

Whatever may have been the inward tragedy of Albert's career, none can quarrel with his record of practical achievement. With the Prince usefulness amounted almost to a mania, and the ideal was not inappropriate to a generation whose war cry was sounded by Carlyle, "Produce . . . in God's name." Was the royal household graft-ridden, a chaos of overlapping jurisdictions? Did the minions of the Lord Chamberlain clean the inside of the windows and those of the Woods and Forests Department the outside? It was a task after Albert's own heart, and within a few years his economies in the household had made possible the purchase of Osborne House. Had the Crimean War revealed shocking ineptitude on the part of the military organization? Albert was ready with memoranda on army reform. Did the great god Progress require a temple where he could receive the world's homage? The Crystal Palace became that temple, and on the altar of Albert's Exhibition (which, I think, was not as exclusively the Prince's as Mr. Bolitho would intimate) were laid the oblations of a triumphant bourgeoisie. Horrors there were aplenty, knives and forks so elegant as to be of doubtful utility, and furniture in which design had been utterly routed by ornament. But succulent fruits may come from unlikely vines, and the Kensington institutions, which had their origin in the profits from the Exhibition, remain to confound its critics. Albert's efforts were given unsparingly—to the Fine Arts Commission of which he was president, to his housing schemes, and to questions of foreign policy. Yet the most terrifying of his accomplishments finds little place in political histories. Within a few years he had recreated the Queen in his own image, and it was Victoria who, in the end, was more Albertian than Albert himself.

Mr. Bolitho's talents as a biographer are considerable. His style is effectively unassuming, and, as a result of his explorations in the Coburg papers, he has made a genuine, if minor, addition to our knowledge of the century's most unselfish prince. But even under Bolitho's skilful touch, Albert does not emerge as an exciting figure. It is not merely that the Prince was virtuous. Goodness, on occasion, can be exciting enough. It is rather that his character lacked that element of surprise, of inspired perversity, which often lends glamor to personality. Stockmar and his own self-discipline had confirmed Albert in the not altogether happy faculty of always doing what was expected of him. This devotion to the cult of duty showed itself in the worst possible light when he undertook the education of the Prince of Wales. Copybook maxims had molded a prince consort, why not a king as well? It was an almost fatal mistake, but it was an easy one for such a nature as Albert's. Stockmar had somehow forgotten that imagination was no less a virtue than honesty and industry.

The Noble Experiment

PROHIBITION VERSUS CIVILIZATION. Analyzing the Dry Psychosis. By HARRY ELMER BARNES. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $1.

Reviewed by REX MAURICE NAYLOR

IN this slender and rather superficial treatment of the liquor issue Dr. Barnes is not so much concerned with demonstrating the failure of the Noble Experiment as he is with questioning its nobility. He attempts to analyze the dry "psychosis," to point out some of the unfortunate results of national prohibition, to offer a solution of the drink problem, and to suggest a way out of the prohibition muddle.

Little time is lost in informing us that the underlying philosophy of prohibition is "a direct outgrowth of the other-worldly perspective of Christianity." The fact that the Catholics and the Episcopalians are not very enthusiastic supporters of the present system causes the author some difficulty, and he finally concludes that "the holy ardor for crusading against liquor, as well as many other earthly joys, has been begotten primarily by evangelical Protestantism." The re-

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sponsibility for the whole business can be charged up to the sin-salvation complex, the super-naturalism, and the Puritanical view of life with which these denominations are afflicted. In this connection the author fails to distinguish between the prohibition movement and the temperance movement. The Protestant churches, in espousing the temperance crusade, did not generally and officially take the position that drinking was, in itself, a sin and a deterrent to salvation. Available evidence seems to show that the temperance movement originated among physicians, farmers, and business men, and that the churches got behind it because of the visible social effects of intemperance. Their support of the prohibition movement involved participation in politics and this they attempted to justify on the ground that the rum barons could not be dislodged in any other way. It is clear that prohibition is a political issue. The Drys insist that it is a moral issue, but they do not claim that it is a religious issue. Far more important is the fact that Dr. Barnes, in his anxiety to blame the churches for prohibition, has allowed the real culprits to escape with clean hands. He does not even mention the liquor interests. Had the brewers and distillers not resisted all reasonable measures of regulation, the churches would never have lent their support to the Anti-Saloon League. According to the historian of the League, many years of difficult and persistent endeavor were necessary to "line up the churches on the right side" of that movement.

Dr. Barnes contends that alcohol is a great boon to the human race in its search for happiness, that its mass consumption is not the social evil which the Drys have represented it to be, and that the normal person can drink as much or as little as he pleases. ("I can take it or leave it alone.") His solution of the drink problem is not abstinence, nor yet temperance as he understands the term, but "civilized" or "esthetic" drinking—"the moderate indulgence in pure liquors of a light alcoholic content at the proper time—good liquor taken with the evening meal, with congenial companions during the evening, and the like." While admitting that this is an abstract picture of the "delectable amiability" of civilized drinking, the author thinks that it can be made concrete. He does not tell us how. Of one thing, however, he is certain: it cannot be realized under a prohibition régime. What, then, is the solution of the prohibition muddle?

Believing that a repeal amendment would be defeated by thirteen or more prohibition states and that the simpler method of repealing the Volstead and Jones Acts would be blocked by dry-voting and wet-drinking Congressmen, the author concludes that "sectional nullification, carrying further present tendencies, appears to be the only immediately practicable solution." How, then, are we to bring about his régime of civilized drinking? Nullification implies the continuance of prohibition, and under prohibition we have, as he says, the speakeasy "with its promotion of frantic swilling of hard liquor."

After some study of the question, the reviewer is quite confident that the repeal or revision of the Eighteenth Amendment will be effected in the near future. The reason for this confidence is quite simple. In the same way that the liquor interests, by their defiance of state regulation and state prohibition, forced the adoption of the Amendment, the bootleggers by their defiance of national prohibition are almost certain to force its repeal. In the process the churches may be expected to line up against the bootleggers just as they mobilized against the liquor interests. Dr. Barnes will probably be a fit subject for the psychopathic ward when he finds repeal brought about by the very agencies which he visited with his displeasure in "The Twilight of Christianity."

Bennington College, the only institution of higher education in the country with a complete four-year course of progressive education, recently announced the appointment of Genevieve Taggard, poet, and Irving Fineman, novelist and engineer, to its English department.

The Ingenious Balkis

SHEBA VISITS SOLOMON. By HELENE ELIAT. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS translation of a satirical fantasy that has had much success on the Continent (the translator is Davod Zablodowsky) is decidedly entertaining for the most part, with occasional passages of dulness. The drawings by Otto Linnekogel, which illustrate it, I cannot praise too highly. They seem to me admirably to embellish the text in its exact spirit. If you do not like to be told that King Solomon was fat or that the Queen of Sheba had hairy legs and was not really pretty, if you object to sly fun being poked at Nathan the prophet,

DRAWING, BY OTTO LINNEKOGEL, FOR "SHEBA VISITS SOLOMON"

the Judean captains, and the Ephraimites, you should eschew this book. If, on the other hand, you relished the work of the late Anatole France (not that I would mention Miss Eliat in the same breath with that colossus) and are interested to know how Balkis emerged from unattractiveness to experience and hear the charming idyll of little Zud, draw near. Despite the airiness of this writer, she succeeds in conveying the atmosphere of the Orient. She deals with ancient folk of myth as real people. She shows them in all their enchanting weaknesses. The poetry of love is in this book as well as the sophisticated dissection of it. The wit of the writing is satisfying.

This is one of the distinctly better light novels of the season. I commend its manner, which is usually delightful. The author toys charmingly with ancient history. She has the touch of the true artist. I treasure her book along with such diversions as Raucat's "The Honorable Picnic." There is vivid pictorial quality in "Sheba Visits Solomon," and there is an unusual knowledge of the characteristics of Eastern peoples. Wisdom is indicated with a light touch. An excellent antidote for heaviness of the spirit and weariness of the flesh.

Woodforde's Neighbor

MR. DU QUESNE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By JOHN BERESFORD. New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

BEFORE Mr. Beresford published eight years ago the first volume of the "Diary of a Country Parson," nobody had ever heard of James Woodforde, the most refreshingly human, innocent, and lovable of eighteenth century gentlemen. Last year the fifth and final volume appeared and now we have the whole (or, at least, as much as the editor thinks it judicious to print) of that indescribably fascinating daily account of the activities and placidities of life in rural Norfolk and Somerset. Parson Woodforde himself, shy, unambitious, plain man that he was, has taken a place among the lesser immortals where we hope he sips his port, not in the company of those other Georgian chroniclers, like Walpole and Boswell, whose wit would have frightened him, but in the comfortable presence of his familiar associates, the inhabitants of Weston and Cole and their neighboring parishes. If this hope may be taken as fulfilled, certainly not the least convivial and attractive of that celestial gathering is the Reverend Thomas Roger Du Quesne, vicar of East Tuddenham, whom Mr. Beresford with open affection now resurrects from a past that would have remained undisturbed, had not the brief but warm phrases of his diary-writing neighbor already given him a charm that is irresistible.

All the scholarly energy and patience in the world could not succeed in unearthing completely so obscure a personage, but Mr. Beresford has found as much as we need. He has traced back Mr. Du Quesne's distinguished Huguenot ancestry; he has told the tale of his livings, his prebends and canonries (Mr. Du Quesne was an unabashed pluralist); and by means of a manuscript Tythe Book, an extraordinarily long and remarkable will, and a few letters—lamentably few but highly amusing—written to Woodforde on the occasion of the memorable summer visit to Cole, he has filled in many gaps and illuminated many absorbing minutiae. And all this he has done with the editorial graciousness, urbanity, and wisdom that we have now learned to expect from so humane a scholar. Mr. Du Quesne stands forth anew, less brisk than Parson Woodforde makes him, but not so disturbingly incomplete. No lover of that quiet Norfolk circle can afford to miss him.

Mr. Beresford has included in his book a number of other essays, reprinted from various magazines, each of them a pleasant excursion into some literary or social by-path, but it is Mr. Du Quesne who deserves the honors.

It Begins

(*Continued from page* 813)

personal drama of the book begins, to be woven with much skill into the narrative of an expedition in which a planned society encounters the difficulties always waiting for men who force nature into the way of their chosen God.

Miss Carlisle's story of the Pilgrims' exile and their bitter bread of exile in Holland is rich and circumstantial, her narrative of the voyage and the landing at Plymouth is documented with the elaborate and realistic circumstance which modern research has made possible for historical novelists. I do not analyze or even discuss her considerable historical verisimilitude, for the exact accuracy or inaccuracy is not so important as the use she makes of it. Certainly there is a fresh reality in her first encounters with Indians, beasts, and wilderness strikingly different from the old stereotypes. Her Indians, particularly, are excellent.

It is the theme, the dramatic psychology of the Pilgrims which is important, for it is for this and upon this, not for mere chronicle that she has written "We Begin." Eleazar is sex frustrated from the beginning. His love for Anne, thwarted, but kept alive by the proximities of exile and pioneering, and nourished by the long absences of her husband, becomes a mania in which ideals of purity attain the dominance of sex-inversions in an eremite of the desert. Jehovah for him becomes a god of vengeance demanding sacrifice for the lewdness of ordinary flesh. And by an easy transition Eleazar's love and his mania are both transferred to Purity, a lovely child adopted by Anne. Purity chose when the time for choice came, David, John's son, a youth of the Renaissance, who tastes at Merrymount the intoxication of poetry. And in a lurid scene Eleazar's sex repressions break through his fanaticized chastity. He rapes the girl and is hung by the Pilgrim fathers, who are in doubt whether they have killed a devil or a saint.

This sounds like melodrama, and is melodrama, but not because of its theme, which might be described as modernized and somewhat vulgarized Hawthorne, lacking the intuitive sense of the essentials of Puritanism of the master of that genre, bolstered out by Freudian analyses of emotions, and deficient in that inner harmony of event and character which manifests itself in style.

The difficulty is not in Freudianism, which, as an intuitive philosophy, is admirably designed to enrich and make significant the working out of such a story as the Pilgrims supply. The difficulty is in Miss Carlisle's failure to get done with her psychological equipment before she tells her story. There it is, a travelling laboratory, into which Puritan after Puritan, lifted from the narrative, is sent in for psychological tests, then returned to the story. So rich is her documentation, so vivid and so satisfying are the mere circumstances of this dramatic exodus, that the defect which prevents it from being a fine novel in no sense destroys the interest of the reader. But what should be the great crisis will not stand up because the central figure, Eleazar, disintegrates into words. His fanaticism is probable, his mania is probable, his jargon drawn from the Old Testament can be duplicated in a hundred sources (although I think these sources are literary and do not represent the fanatic Puritan as he spoke off the pulpit, away from the meeting house, in life), but one has only to compare him with Arthur Dimmesdale to see the difference between a character realized until the personality is unified in its disharmonies, and a figure put together from the Bible, Puritan history, and Freud.

Nevertheless, even though artistically not successful, this novel has pioneer qualities. It is honest, it is interesting, and it represents (like the artificialities of Gothic romance) a new pathway along which imagination is likely to move. As surely as the new history is resurveying our past, with new emphases, and the resources of new facts, just as surely we shall retell the stories of our ancestors in terms which seem to us infinitely more important than their interpretations. We shall insist on seeing them as a modern alive then would have seen them. It is what Shakespeare did with his classics, Scott with his medievals; and our fresh intuitions of conflicts in the spirit resulting from causes some of which have only recently been named and defined, will lead us far along this path when the historical novel again becomes fashionable. Miss Carlisle has begun.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

WE BEGIN. By HELEN GRACE CARLISLE. *Smith & Haas.*

The Story of the Pilgrims focussed about the fortunes, sufferings, and passions of a single family.

THE FUN OF IT. By AMELIA EARHART. *Putnam.*

Incidents in her own career as a flyer, and in that of other women, by the heroine of the hour.

OUR WONDERLAND OF DEMOCRACY. By JAMES M. BECK. *Macmillan.*

An arraignment of the Federal Administration system.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
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America Faces West

AMERICA IN THE PACIFIC, A Century of Expansion. By FOSTER RHEA DULLES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

NOW and again there comes a book of permanent value in a particular field, a book which quietly assumes an indisputable place in any bibliography of the subject. So far as our political and diplomatic activities in the Pacific area are concerned, Tyler Dennett's "Americans in Eastern Asia" was the last of this kind until the appearance of this new volume by the author of "The Old China Trade."

In reviewing the previous work, this reviewer said that its "readability detracts not the least from its authority." The new volume carries a more austere countenance. It is history, such history as satisfies the technical historians, even though they cannot write that kind themselves. It is equipped with references to chapter and verse for all of its statements. It is for this reason among others that it steps immediately into a place of authority in the libraries. But its authority detracts not the least from its readability.

Like Dennett's classic, the present volume carries the narrative only to the end of the last century. The introduction, to be sure, links the urge which carried the flag of the United States from the Atlantic seaboard first to the western shores of the continent and then on into the far reaches of the Pacific itself, with the involvement of the United States in the Manchurian affair of the past year. Various nations have challenged the westward sweep of American influence but all have been brushed aside. Now at last Japan has challenged the positions we have taken in Asia and the Western Pacific. "Time alone holds the secret of its final solution."

But Mr. Dulles gives us the story of the steps which led us to that perhaps fateful day last January when Secretary Stimson informed Japan that the United States would not admit the legality of any treaty which impaired our rights in China, which infringed upon the sovereignty of China, or the open door policy.

Manifest Destiny" is one of those emotion-arousing slogans which have played a large part in our public sentimentalizing and then been thrown into the discard. The slight response with which it would be received today makes it difficult to realize how much it was a part of the political faith of our fathers. If Mr. Dulles is right, and he has the evidence to support his contention, this was an early rationalization of the national determination to win through the continent and the Pacific to a satisfactory share in the rich rewards of the China trade. Our sailormen who drove the fast clipper ships around the Horn to Canton, and the sturdy pioneers who piloted their prairie schooners along the Oregon Trail were all a part of this momentous urge to connect the eastern shore of America with the eastern shore of Asia.

The Louisiana Purchase, the annexation of Texas, and the Mexican War carried us to the Pacific coast. The Oregon settlement and the Gadsden Purchase rounded out our continental domain. But the momentum was not to be checked at the water's edge. Perry opened Japan with the help of armed vessels of the Navy. Seward went to the State Department in the dead of night to draft the treaty by which we purchased Alaska. Naval officers and the consular service inducted Samoa into the American fellowship. Hawaii fell into our basket on several occasions only to be thrown out again. The Spanish War overcame our reluctance to accept the gift the gods provided us, and then threw in the Philippines for good measure.

Each one of these steps forward along the road of our national destiny is described with such fairness, accuracy, authority, succinctness, and humor that one is moved to commend this book to historians as a model worth emulating. Through them all runs that dogged determination to be a "power" in the Pacific and the belief that the Western Ocean was the future arena of the world.

And yet, curiously enough, opposition to expansion has in almost every instance been only less powerful than its advocacy. Time and again opportunities were rejected and in each case where "manifest destiny" carried the final decision, years and even decades of delay intervened. Often the ultimate triumph was due to the outstanding vision of one man whom Fate had placed in a strategic position. Thus Polk as President is the "hero" of the Mexican conquest; Seward's "folly" as Secretary of State brought us Alaska; and Theodore Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy receives the credit for having Dewey ready to seize the Philippines. It may of course be argued that if these men had not thrown their official and personal influence into the balance the result would have been the same. Perhaps so. But the point is that in every case there was a powerful resistance to be overcome before the flag was finally raised over the new possessions.

Our present division of opinion over the independence of the Philippines or over the role which we should play in the Sino-Japanese imbroglio is therefore by no means a new phenomenon in our national life. And, if history is to be taken as the criterion, the chances appear favorable to the ultimate triumph of the expansionist spirit. But—just as the medical history of a patient who has recovered from a number of diseases is always belied by his succumbing to the last one, so the history of our "imperialism" may furnish us with false precedents for our future course of action. History qualifies as a reliable guide only in the past.

The New Liberalism

THUNDER AND DAWN: America's Appointment with Destiny. By GLENN FRANK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by NORMAN THOMAS

A BOOK with so resounding a title as this is bound to attract attention at the price of raising high expectations. Those expectations, this reviewer feels—and it may be his fault—are only partially met. The book is great preaching. It is even greater popularizing of a wide range of thought and reading. Never were great preaching and great popularizing of knowledge more in order than today. In lucid, sententious, often brilliant style, the author justifies his reputation as writer, editor, and educator by imparting sound information and inspiring orderly thinking. Mr. Frank is particularly good in stating the critical case he seeks to answer. Witness his discussion of the six fears of our time, or of the sixteen points against machinery. Nor are his rejoinders without merit. Especially noteworthy is his answer to the wholesale indictment of machinery.

He has wise things to say about education, war, the church, and a host of pertinent matters. His seven "rallying cries of Western advance," the ideas of cultural nationalism, economic internationalism, rationalized politics, mass-conscious industrialism, socialized religion, a well bred race, and realistic pacifism are well chosen and comprehensive. His organizing theory that our need is for a "new renaissance," a "new reformation," and a "new industrial revolution" is ingenious and interesting. The book abounds in quotable sayings.

Nevertheless—and I repeat that the fault may be partly my own—I did not find myself engrossed in it despite its excellencies and the absorbing nature of its theme. Mr. Frank's unconventional statement of a new liberalism, the objections to which he knows, still has about it the air of futility which has become native to liberalism (I use that word, let me explain, to cover every thoughtful attempt to liberalize and humanize capitalism).

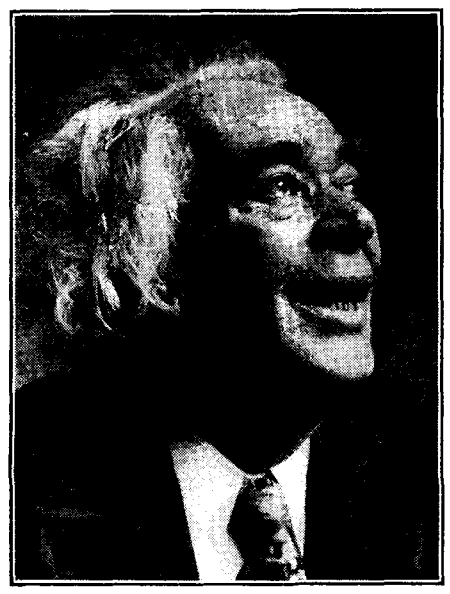
At two vitally important points Glenn Frank's incisive analysis fades away in a vague realm of hope or even of wishful thinking. The first is in his insistence on the values of socialized, non-metaphysical religion. Such values exist. In a very real sense communism or socialism is a religion. So, too, for better or worse, has nationalism been a religion, as Mr. Frank could prove even without his telling quotation from Mazzini. Nevertheless, I cannot see much use in proclaiming a religious reformation and studiously avoiding metaphysics which have always been at the base of religion. Religion is a truncated thing, perhaps a thing without roots, if it insists on discussing man's relation to his fellowmen but ignores man's relation to God, the universe, or his own destiny. I believe man may create a far nobler social order than we now live under without answering these metaphysical questions, or even with a profoundly pessimistic answer to them. I cannot but think the effort to ignore them as unimportant largely vitiates the value of any hope in a new reformation.

Even weaker, it seems to me, is Mr. Frank's hope that capitalism can achieve "humanism" and remain capitalism. "The treason of statesmanship" is not the failure of men but the necessary failure of a system. This depression is the graveyard of the "new" capitalism. Mr. Frank's optimism that capitalism, or enlightened capitalists, have learned the lesson of high wages reads like mockery in face of the fact that in 1931, a year of gloom, dividends and interest in corporation securities had an index number of 180 as compared with 100 in 1926, while wages had fallen to 52! Conceivably capitalism could have done better but only against its own inner nature. And it is doubtful whether the best intentioned employer can hold up wages in a time of depression against a general trend. He may want other employers to pay enough to enable *their* workers to purchase *his* products, but his own—ah, that's different! They buy little of his products anyhow!

I share Mr. Frank's hope that we may avoid the enormous costs of violent revolutions. We can only do it by accepting and acting on a revolutionarily different philosophy of coöperation. In this acceptance lies the new renaissance, the new reformation, the new industrial revolution. It has room for experimentation and plan; it has no room for the pillars of capitalism, absentee ownership, and private property in things necessary to the common life, or even a modified worship of the Great God, Profit.

Norman Thomas was the founder and, for a time, the editor of The World Tomorrow. *He has been candidate on the Socialist ticket for governor and mayor of New York, and for President of the United States, and holds the admiration and respect of political parties of all complexions. He is the author of several works, among them "What Is Industrial Democracy?" and "Roads to Peace."*

Man Makes His Own Mask



THE LORD

JUDAS

MAN MAKES HIS OWN MASK. Text and portraits by ROBERT H. DAVIS. New York: The Huntington Press. 1932. $100.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"WHAT a piece of work is a man." And here Mr. Robert H. Davis has shot the works. In other words, he has collected 118 of his camera portraits of contemporaries. The Huntington Press has collaborated luxuriously. The volume is a large quarto, bound by Stikeman in golden-brown morocco; 525 pages of rag paper; limited to 160 copies, signed by Mr. Davis, and sold only by private treaty. The rumor is that the price is $100.

This is a remarkable book, though obviously restricted to a few enthusiasts. Mr. Davis, a man of wide and shrewd observation, contributes brisk biographical notes on his sitters. For the past seven years it has been his hobby to catch his friends off guard, in some characteristic glimpse, and then click the lens of a small camera. No retouching, no esthetic pose. Here they are, freckles, wrinkles, seams. Some of these pictures tell more than one might expect.

Bob Davis believes that man makes his own mask; that sooner or later the quality of his thought and feeling expounds itself upon the outward visnomy. He begins his album with the face of innocence, a portrait showing the serene, untroubled candor of a small boy. From this he proceeds to the puzzled, evasive, dour, or quizzical glimpses of his mature companions. Interesting himself, Bob Davis has interesting friends. From the walrus-hide contour of Captain Bob Bartlett to the shy delicacy of old Timothy Cole is a wide gamut of expression. This book is an unconscious testament of what life does to men. It is fascinating to compare such faces as Mr. Harrison, the Negro actor who played the Lord in "Green Pastures," and Johann Zwink, the Judas of Oberammergau.

Mr. Davis's sitters include many public names, both men of merchandise and of imagination. His gay and pungent notes are written with all his customary verve. Of Bob Bartlett he says: "He resembles some unheard-of amphibian, suddenly risen off the coast of Newfoundland." To Irvin Cobb he again attributes the famous *mot*, "as much privacy as a goldfish," but we must remind him that a rival theory has always ascribed it to "Saki" (H. H. Munro) who used it about 1906. Of Ring Lardner (one of the finest faces in the book) he says with justice, "If his literary jewels were brought together and restrung in a single necklace, they would shine like diamonds hung in a shoe button factory." D. H. Lawrence, through this clear lens, looks a muddy and muddled soul compared to the cameo profile of Lardner. Mr. Davis considers Meredith Nicholson's the typical American face; others might wistfully suggest Long Lance, a chieftain of the Black Foot Indians, as the North American type. One of the most interesting of all these mysterious masks is that of P. Stammer, the second-hand bookseller. "Looks," says Mr. Davis, "as though he might have stepped out of a canvas by Rembrandt. Books did this for him."

As Benjamin De Casseres suggests in his foreword to this gallery, only a man of Bob Davis's wide-ranging human gusto could have gathered sunlight into such clear ideographs of revelation. There is nothing arty here. These are men, "infinite in faculty, in form, and moving express, and admirable." And he has caught every man in his humor.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XXIII. DECIBELS

"A DECIBEL," Hubbard read in a newspaper, "is a measure of loudness equivalent to the sound made by the fall of a pin."

How many decibels do you hear when a sparrow falls—or a Stock Market? Or even, he thought to himself, a travelling salesman.

It was a brilliant cool noon in late spring, after one of New York's sudden hot spells. The kind of day, the elevator boy said taking him up to the penthouse, that makes your clothes feel good on you. Hubbard was in a roof-garden speakeasy near the Erskine office, a pleasant place to sit out on the terrace, twenty stories above the street, and enjoy sunshine and thought. Countryman by nature, he liked it because it was one of the few places in the publishing region of Murray Hill where he could smell manure. The proprietor took his little roof-garden seriously, and the boxes of privet and geranium were heavily fertilized. The savor of Eggs Benedict and the tang of angostura and vermouth were dominated by a sharp whiff of synthetic sheep. The proprietor's name was Hyacinthe, which The Boys thought very amusing. The government had recently ejected him from long tenure in a dark basement, but now on this high summit he saw sunlight again. The good French instinct of the glebe reawoke; he set out a spring planting of parsley and mint. As Hubbard sat considering the first julep of the season, Hyacinthe dug busily in his green troughs with a Woolworth trowel. Other patrons kept indoors, finding the air cool, and Hubbard was alone on the terrace. After talking to Miss Mac and others he needed to meditate. Like the acid odor of manure he wanted a smell of reality in his biography of Richard.

Thinking so persistently about the life of another man oversensitizes the nerves. Retracing the streets of Richard's habit, gathering clues from people who had known him, Hubbard was likely to see exaggerated meaning in casual things. But perhaps this was wholesome. Mostly we underestimate those fugitive suggestions; like the Parthians they shoot their arrows at us as they flee.

"I don't agree with Miss Mac," he said to himself. "This job needs not only a Narrator but a Nerve Specialist. It ought to tremble like a taut string. It's drawn from the juices and pressures of every day" (changing his metaphor, as a solitary thinker is privileged to do). "If only one could get the natural taste of those juices before chemistry does its work on them. If they stand any length of time, either they ferment and foam up with sentimental alcohol, or else you've got to taint them with satirical benzoate of soda to keep them flat. Too much benzoate of soda in most biographies." He was pleased with this idea, so pleased that he looked quite handsome, and Hyacinthe thought this a propitious moment to ask Mr. Hubbard what he would like for lunch. But he was not ready to order his meal; he was waiting for a guest. Hyacinthe, a person of much humor, took his customary attitude of quiz. His right palm under his left elbow, his left hand curled under cheek and chin, a downward sparkle in the gaze. "A lady?" he asked. "Because if it is you prefer to sit inside? She might be cold here, they don't wear many clothes nowadays." "Is that so," said Hubbard. "How do you know that? No, as a matter of fact it isn't a lady, quite a sturdy gentleman; he won't be chilly." Hyacinthe was disappointed, he went back to train some ivy up the trellis. He had the good French instinct for liking to see the sexes well mixed.

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It wasn't a lady, it was only me. Hubbard had asked me not to join him until late: he wanted an hour alone with a drink to put his ideas in order. It was obvious that his researches in Roe were educating him rapidly. He had spoken, a little too jocularly I thought, of Richard the Mouse-Heart. That reminded me of an animal shop on Upper Broadway which Richard must have studied often. In the window was a cage of white mice that twirl crazily in circles. It always interested me to watch the faces of people watching these Rotary Club mice. Onlookers, after their first surprise, usually wore a faintly superior smile, affectionately derisive of these midgets that spin so fast without getting anywhere. But perhaps, I reflected, an Infinite Reason

"MASK OF MANHATTAN"
BY REBECCA F. HOLLIDAY

would contemplate *us* with the same sympathetic grin. I myself knew nothing of Richard Roe: Hubbard was his biographer and I only the biographer of the biography; but I didn't want Roe's chronicler to wear a superior smile. It was too magnificent a task: to catch a human being in the very act of being human—and to set it down without chemical preservatives. To arrest, for the while, life's extraordinary power of tidying things up, cicatrizing wounds, softening the retrospect, healing and forgetting and just going on. That cruel and blessed process of making everything seem as though it didn't matter, the blind onward optimism of the universe against which the artist must make his hopeless triumphant stand. Already, in the solemn phrase of the old doctor, Richard was content to be as if he had not been. Yet this tiny specimen that had crawled across the slide had in rudiment all the organs of the greatest. Plasm and psyche were there, and all the chills and fevers—not essentially different from Shakespeare's.

Shakespeare had been in Hubbard's mind, for he had been lately to see a revival of that most gorgeous failure, *Troilus and Cressida*. He had taken Gladys Roe who was frankly bored, but had made one superb comment—that Cressida would be a swell part for Greta Garbo. This was admirably shrewd, for the psychology of that piece is mostly Hollywood. Also there is no theatrical manager of insight who has not coveted all the Shakespearean roles for the siren Swede. But that is irrelevant. Hubbard, in the great line, "There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip," could think of no one but Minnie Hutzler. And then, at the final curtain, he realized that perhaps Shad Roe, in an oblique way, was the Pandarus of Richard's story. Yes, Shakespeare would have been the best biographer for Richard. *He* was never afraid to set off the colored flares on the smallest occasion—the Bad Boy of literature, nudging the world with his mischievous "You ain't seen nothing yet."

Then the amazing thing was that as they were having a soda after the show, Gladys remarked: "I don't suppose Daddy ever saw a play of Shakespeare's in his life, but he was crazy about the Shakespeare Garden in Central Park. I certainly got tired of that place, it was his favorite walk on fine Sundays. He used to take Grandma out there too. She didn't give a hoot about Shakespeare, but she liked to see those German signs in the park—you know, where they have notices in four languages so everybody in New York can read 'em, Yiddish, Italian, German, and English."

Hubbard had never even heard of the Shakespeare Garden. He went to have a look at it.

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New York is never so lovely as in early summer. In Richard's familiar region of Central Park West awnings burst out on apartment windows; asphalt streets feel soft under the point of a walking stick. Drug stores are draughty with electric fans, which blow out the gasoline cigarlighter every time you snap it into flame. In the inner airshaft of apartments housewives indignantly observe little flocks of fuzz that come drifting over the sill from dustpans higher up. In the evenings the broad pavements of the Little White Way are thronged with strollers. Vegetable stores arrange piles of beans, radishes, carrots, sloped in colored strata under brilliant light. Issuing from the movies about 10:30 p.m. the Upper West Side likes to read its morning paper before it goes to bed. Already it hears the familiar cry of Manhattan urging hopefully toward the morrow—"*American, News,* a *Mirror.*" Day or night, in that warm, breezy weather life comes outdoors and shows itself. Each part of the city has its own moods. At Fort George men pitch horse-shoes. In the Comfort Triangle at Times Square they sit on the low curbing near the international newsstand and read the papers. The Cowley Fathers are hearing confessions on 46th Street. It used to surprise me to find their church just there, in that raffish byway, so very different from their monastery at Cowley near Oxford; but there must be more need of shriving on 46th Street.

The Shakespeare Garden, Gladys told Hubbard, was best approached by the 81st Street entrance to the Park—the one nearest the Roe apartment. He soon discovered the German warning which had pleased old Mrs. Geschwindt: *Es ist strengstens verboten, Papier oder irgend anderen Unrath auf den Boden zu werfen.* Presently, on a rocky hillside below the "belvedere," he reached the little enclosure. It has its pathos, for lean appropriation, hard winters, scorching summers, a dead tree and an electric wire crossing overhead make it difficult to suggest a Warwickshire setting. Also the ragged mineral outcrop of Manhattan—very gneiss for geologists—is scarcely the humus for cottage flowers. But as Hubbard explained, it was just that touch of unconscious pathos that endeared the place to him, and perhaps to Richard also. The old Irish gardener wrestles singlehanded with his task. Hubbard, admiring the masses of eglantine roses, got into conversation with him. He had been there since the beginning of the garden. There were 125 varieties of flowers, all mentioned by Shakespeare.

"How did you pick them out?" Hubbard asked. "Did they give you a list?"

"No, sir," said the gardener. "A lady gave me three little books by Shakespeare, plays he wrote about flowers, and I read them. One of the books was called *Antony and Cleopatra;* I didn't find so many flowers in that one. That Cleopatra was a very plain-spoken lady.—Twenty-one years ago, when we started this garden, it was all poison ivy. It would scare you—one man I had working here, his head swelled up like a pot. It's kind of hard on this hillside, we lose so much soil in the rainstorms. After that storm the other day I wheeled up twenty barrows of earth. Yes, I had to take the labels off the plants because when people knew what they were they stole 'em. Look there, you see that place?"

He pointed sadly to an empty hollow in the earth.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that's what they do when you're not looking. I had twenty-four wild thymes in that bed."

Some other visitors, passing behind them just at this moment, overheard the remark and looked startled.

Hubbard asked if he had known Mr. Roe. Not by name at any rate. "There's lots of regular visitors," he said, "folks that are just crazy about this garden. They bring cuttings of their own to see if they'll grow here—that Cherokee rose is from an opera singer's farm down in Maryland, and there's a rose a lady brought from France, and here's some pinks from Staten Island. But they got to satisfy me it's something Shakespeare knew about."

They were interrupted by a small freckled boy who rushed up in great agitation. "You better come," he appealed to the old gardener. "We buried that dead squirrel down there and now there's a lot of bad boys digging it up again."

The old fellow hurried away to halt this sacrilege, and Hubbard wandered for some time round the little hillside, enjoying the secluded corner of rose bushes and the tiny cascade. From the brow of the rocky knoll was a skyline of towers such as Prospero might have imagined. What did it mean that Richard had discovered for himself this queer corner of peace? Richard, of all people—so thoroughly Upper West Side that if he had seen the young moon rising anywhere except over the roof of an apartment (preferably the Apthorp) he would have been scandalized. If he had seen her gilded curve above trees or mountains she would have seemed almost naked. (Indeed there are many who would have legislated a petticoat for the moon if that were possible.) In this he was very unlike Hubbard, who, if kept too long in town, felt as a dog must, tethered in a forest of stone without ever an honest tree for his relief.

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"I should have liked some more talk with the old gardener," Hubbard continued. "He was telling me that before he joined the Park Department he was a machinist on lamps for Pullman cars—I think that's grand, going from Pullman to Shakespeare, God bless him—but I could see he was busy. I wondered if I also, trying to recreate poor Richard, was like those mischievous boys exhuming the squirrel. I strolled off into that lovely maze of rocky paths and glens above the Boat Lake. A thunder shower came up and ducking under the trees for shelter, I came upon a secluded little summerhouse. I hate to have to rely on coincidence, and I think this is absolutely the only time I shall do so. But these things do happen. There, in that rustic arbor, peacefully reading the *Billboard,* was Shad—not a picture but in person. I hadn't known he was still in town, and I needed him. You see, he was in Chicago that time—when Richard bought the garters.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A new periodical, to be called the *Dolphin,* will be christened this Fall. It is to be edited by Frederic Warde and published by The Limited Editions Club. The *Dolphin* will be issued annually, in book form. It will be intended for the interest of those people who care about the technique of the making of books. According to the announcement, "The *Dolphin* will be both a record and a survey. The record will consist of a series of articles written by internationally known typographers and bibliographers who will discuss the principles, treat on the technique, contribute to the history of the making of books. The survey will be made up of reviews, gathered from international sources, written by persons who possess discrimination and sound judgment. The reviews will be supported by reproductions of interesting book pages, bindings, illustrations, printing types, and papers. If possible, in order to provide a true representation of the work of an artist or a typographer, specimen pages will be obtained from original sources."

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SCIENTIFIC AND CONTROVERSIAL

Metaphysics or Science?

MAN COMES OF AGE. By JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by W. E. LAWRENCE
Western Reserve University

AFTER the brilliant and informative "Man and His Universe," Mr. Langdon-Davies's "Man Comes of Age" disappoints. The fascinating story of the wreckage of medieval sophistries upon the rocks of new found truth was a stimulating contribution to history. It is now succeeded by a philosophy—the metaphysics of non-Euclidean goemetry. Science, knowledge, space, time, matter, life, personality, ethics, religion, and happiness pass in swift review, tinged with the philosophy of relativity by the same hand which had before painted so colorfully the collapse of scholasticism. Nor is the author aware of the irony.

To Mr. Langdon-Davies there is not incongruity, but on the contrary a successive continuity. Man has progressed from authority to observation, and from observation to mathematics. Just as scientific observation destroyed medieval authority in the Renaissance, so, too, in our own day mathematics is the utter ruin of observation. When, however, man's knowledge of his universe is altered, his "overbeliefs" undergo change. Habits of thought and daily conduct were profoundly modified when men discovered that the earth was not the center of the universe but a chilled cinder. So with the discovery of relativity and sub-atomic phenomena must come a revolution in religion, morals, and philosophy.

This is clarified if the simple sequence is comprehended. Human concepts began with pagan aninism. Dogmas which found utterance in the classics were expanded by medieval dialect into systems which reverenced the authority of antiquity. Aristotle and Galen were no less sacred than Moses and Jesus. Salamanders dwelling in fire and flies with eight legs were as valid as the music of the spheres and the seven day creation. It was written!

Science was born in the sixteenth century when men opened their eyes to see six-legged flies and "circumjovial" moons. In a revolution of human thought, the evidence of facts observable to the five senses supplanted the authority of the written word. Science captured the imagination of the layman. "Huxley told him that science was trained and organized common sense; that indeed was what appealed to the plain man."

Now all this is changed. The new science of the twentieth century is not common sense. The orbit of Mercury traverses a four dimensional space-time continuum. Electrons defy physics. Parallel lines meet. Calculus proves the human eye untrustworthy. "The common sense world *has* been destroyed by science and we *must* perish in the void unless we can discover what may be put in its place." "True metaphysics is mathematics." The equation, not the senses, is the source of knowledge. Hence we stand on the threshold of a new renaissance, discarding the old science which gave us the dynamo for the new which solves an aberration in the perihelion of Mercury. God, self, wife, and country follow in the wake.

This is alluring until it is reflected that a valid mathematical concept may lack reality. A negative quantity is at best a fiction, and the square root of minus one defies fancy. Furthermore, mathematics is enslaved to, not emancipated from, observation. The trestle, a triumph of mathematical genius, crashes unless sample bars have first been twisted and torn in giant steel jaws, and even the solution of an orbit rests on observation angulated on a protractor. To Mr. Langdon-Davies mathematics is not a tool for human achievement, but ultimate reality. The square root of minus one, not the world of the senses, is the real world, nor must mathematics be constrained to sense. Though we never see parallel lines meet, nevertheless if the assumption that they meet at Sirius solves the ether drift, then meet they do at the Dog-Star. To Einstein relativity is an hypothesis advanced with scientific caution. To Langdon-Davies it is validity. Gravitation by which we buy meat, tax automobiles, and bombard an enemy over the horizon is reduced to hypothesis, and relativity is exalted to a theory because it explains the behavior of fixed stars at an eclipse. He only mourns because biologists have not yet "allowed themselves the flights of imagination which are every day occurrences among the physicists." For by imagination, it seems, not observation, is knowledge advanced.

So it is possible to derive delight from the author's annihilation of old sophistries and yet not profit from his fabrication of a new one. There is not a sharp cleavage between his two books, to the utter derogation of the later publication. Rather they are supplementary and should be read together. Therein the reader will find an enchanting facility of exposition. Mr. Langdon-Davies can at once dramatize Copernicus, expound Einstein, and weigh the moon with Newton. His keen imagination can conceive of the "club or conspiracy of atoms called a man" as "electric charges hurtling through space-time." But it strains credulity that God must survive science because "determinism is repugnant," although God must be a "make-believe" concerning "an altogether unknowable X" behind the atom; and that in such a God "the rich artistry inspired by the Virgin, the Atonement, the Passion" may yet survive unless men "find it possible to construct an alternative world of make-believe capable of increasing the sum total of human happiness." If then a dull intellect inquires why make-believing metaphysics is any less repugnant than determinism, its owner must know that he is as ignorant of the future overbeliefs of the new science as were in their day those inquisitors who forced Galileo to recant.

If, however, the new science must include wishing stars, thinking amœbæ, and loving orchids, not as hypotheses—for any hypothesis is admissible in science as an hypothesis if its sponsor cares to risk his reputation on it—but as reality, it is necessary to aver that this is not the science which gave us the incandescent bulb and vitamin irradiation of food. If it is not metaphysics masquerading in the guise of science, then it should indeed merit a distinctive name.

Moreover, it might be surmised that both the altered ethics and the astounding popularity of an obscure mathematical concept which seems to justify change, are alike due to urban congestion following the use of steam and electricity; and that behind shifting patterns of current creeds proceeds an eternal warfare from the hunting stage on, between observed fact and unsupported speculation.

Medical Essays

MAN AND MEDICINE. By HENRY E. SIGERIST. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by HAROLD THOMAS HYMAN, M.D.

DR. SIGERIST'S book is based upon lectures to medical students and felicitously combines the erudition of a scholar, the scope of a philosopher, and a facile style happily preserved in the translation by Margaret Galt Boise. In this country, as in Germany, it should have an even wider appeal, not only to those engaged in the practice of medicine and its allied fields, but to that large and intelligent body of lay readers to whom the Wells and Dorsey compilations have given such great cultural enjoyment.

Since man, says Dr. Sigerist, is at the center of the physician's thoughts and actions, in order to engage in an energetic, intelligent fight against disease and to lead the patient out of sickness back to health, back to his work-bench, he must possess a vast and deep knowledge of man and great knowledge of healthy man to begin with. Man must be regarded as a structural unit, a functional entity, and finally as a "mind and spirit." Therefore he praises the new science of "physiological psychology," the impetus to which is correctly described as the contribution of Freud. Dr. Sigerist's summary of the Freudian psychology is a model of clarity and conciseness. Skilfully avoiding all controversy he is most concerned with the historical importance of Freud's contribution—the marriage of psychology and philosophy to medicine, the conversion of psychiatry and neurology from a stagnant descriptive state to a vivid flux. He pleads for the addition to the medical curriculum of courses in philosophy, psychology, and sociology, and for a less systematic method of observation and reflection of life as it is lived. "As doctors let us stand shoulder to shoulder with mankind. It should not be a false, fictitious, superficial dignity but a deeper knowledge of man and life which gives us the ability to counsel and lead our sick fellows."

The sick man is traced through the ages until "disease becomes a cross which the invalid carries, following the footsteps of Christ" instead of, as anciently, a scourge, a punishment, or an evidence of infirmity. Disease itself is discussed with an astounding combination of brevity and intimate technical information. The social and economic problems that bedevil organized medicine today are described in their relation to the physician. He rightly takes to task our modern medical schools where "knowledge may cover a greater area but not go so deep," where the overburdened student loses the real purpose of study—"thoughtful independent effort,"—and where overcrowding results in "placing knowledge at the disposal of the student rather than accomplishment in cultural and educational work."

As for modern "specialism," the patient, he says, in seeking the specialist makes his own diagnosis and is treated by a physician who of necessity has become one-sided in his knowledge and is "tempted to treat the organ in his specialty and not realize that the patient is a man in pain." In group medicine, he thinks, "that treatment should be instituted not by the group but by one doctor to whom the others defer as specialists . . . The relation of doctor to patient is always a close one—an I and You relation. The treatment consists of an intimate companionship along the roadway of life; the leader, the physician, cannot be supplanted by an institution." From this Dr. Sigerist rightly predicts the reincarnation of the general practitioner.

> Presumably the growth of "specialism" is not nearly at an end and will go much further than it has today, but the more specialists we have the more certainly there seems to be a need for the general practitioner as the real helpmate and the communicating link between the specialists. . . . It is difficult to be a good general practitioner today for the demands placed upon him are many, but the need for him is great and hence the outlook is good. Today the specialist is more highly honored than the practitioner. Perhaps this relation will be reversed in time and general physicians will appear to be what they actually are, the pivotal troupe of the medical corps.

And yet Dr. Sigerist believes that "sick insurance and social insurance as a whole create a social hygienic machine of greatest importance," and urges that the "individual physician may consider that the intimate relationship which existed between him and his patient in earlier days was more congenial . . . but the world has changed. It is become more sober and more objective. Inexorably the government goes on in its valuation and society advances the position of the physician in the laboring world today." On this point alone the reviewer must humbly take issue with his author. How can Dr. Sigerist reconcile his conception of the rebirth of the general practitioner with an invitation for the individual physician to become a unit in a "social hygienic machine"?

"Man and Medicine," is a classic of its kind. It should occupy the position of a prescribed book for the pre-medical and medical student though the teacher and practitioner of medicine will undoubtedly read it with a greater admiration and understanding.

Lo! Charles Fort!

MAGICAL POWERS IN MAN. Wild Talents. By CHARLES FORT. New York: Claude Kendall. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

WITH a tolerant attempt to take Mr. Fort seriously, and in respect to his memory and his followers, I cannot do so. Mr. Fort describes himself as an indefatigable collector of newspaper clippings. From this scrapbook are selected three hundred pages of accounts of mysterious thefts, hair-snipers, slipper-snatchers, vampires, werewolves, sudden death, "kissing bugs," mysterious bites and wounds, poltergeists, unaccountable fires, people burned to death on an unscorched bed, autos sucked into the Thames, traps that would not spring on condemned murderers, frail girls that no one could push, human corks that would not sink, stigmata on hysterics, mysterious forms on marble walls, dowsing-rods, faith cures, Keeley motors, and a medley of law-defying phenomena. Upon this journalistic, unverified, and unverifiable material is based or hinted the existence of another world than is ordinarily recognized, constituting the "magical powers in man."

What it all amounts to is a rather sprightly but for that no less pitiful record of an active mind, not house-broken to the ways of logic or the meaning of evidence. The satirical thrust that the so-called scientists have no better support for their conclusion, is an irrelevant analogy. The sceptical pose and the modernistic use of explosive words and unfinished sentences is a mannerism signifying nothing.

The running thesis is that the magical world of witchcraft is as real as any other; anti-science and pseudo-science rank with science; for it is all partly true, with exceptions. The exceptions may prove to be more significant than the rules. If all this is a joke with tongue in cheek, it is —in Fortean language—a damned poor one. It is clearly not paranoid, not even faked paranoia, for it is too smart. Presumably it is a deliberate pose, a sort of intellectual talking-back, a rejoicing in the past, of an *enfant terrible*.

Mr. Fort's books give intermittent evidence of sense of schooling; one suspects that he knew he was talking tricky nonsense. "I don't mean anything by anything," is just sand-throwing. In rebuttal, it is enough to say that there is not the slightest parallel between the "miracles" of science and the "miracles" —most of them so suspiciously attested as to credit their origin in credulity—garnered from stray items in newspapers. To Mr. Fort "Typhoid Mary" was probably a witch, using malicious wishes rather than a germ carrier; for Mr. Fort himself made pictures fall from the wall by staring at them! He finds a shred of an argument in the tendency of these tales to repeat themselves, much as though one argued for the reality of ghosts because they are always reported to be white.

The entire scrapbook protocol is an exhibition, not of "wild," but of irresponsible talent, possibly a feebly concealed exhibitionism. Just what is wrong with an intelligent public that will listen to or read such cracked wisdom, punctuated by wisecracks in bad taste, or with publishers who write absurd blurbs to absurd books, cannot be diagnosed in a sentence or a paragraph. Whether the bottom has dropped out of thinking as out of the stock market, is one question; why, is another. Except to satisfy curiosity, there is no need to consider "Wild Talents."

Brantwood House, near Coniston Water in the Lake District, the home of Ruskin during the last years of his life, has come up for sale. The property contains the famous "Ruskin Garden."

A collection of sixty-seven letters written by John Wesley fetched £601 at another London sale. A somewhat damaged copy of the Second Folio of Shakespeare's works, printed in 1632 "at the signe of the black Beare in Paul's Churchyard," was sold for £310.

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Points of View

Stimulating Buying

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Recent communications in the *Saturday Review*, especially your article on "Book Buyers' Complaint," lead me to send you information about a new method of interesting young people in the purchase of good books devised by one of our alumni. Mr. Harry I. Worth of Seattle is offering an annual prize for the member of the Grinnell senior class who has before graduation made the best private collection of books, in the judgment of a committee representing the faculty. It is Mr. Worth's thought that in this way he will do something to encourage the forming of a private library by college students.

It has seemed to me that this is an excellent method of stimulating and encouraging the habit of buying good books on the part of our college youth, a habit which we hope may continue after college years if it is once formed.

JOHN S. NOLLEN.
Grinnell College.

Advance Notice

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

My own experiences in book-buying have not been parallel with that of Mr. Wellman, who writes (*Saturday Review*, June 11th) of having rejected fifty per cent of the books in a list of several that he desired to purchase. On the contrary, because of a more consummate bibliomania perhaps, I am usually content with whatever quality—if I can secure the books I want at moderate prices, never questioning but that I am obtaining value received.

Nevertheless, I am thoroughly in accord with the conclusions that Mr. Wellman has drawn with respect to the comparative values of many books of an identical price and, as pointed out in your leading article of the same issue, there is, also, an urgency for a distinction to be made by the publisher between books that are of real literary value and those that are "to be read but not kept."

Permit me as one member of that "immense book-buying population" to offer a suggestion: The true book-lover is one who is not seriously concerned with the opinions of those who publish or review a book except as a means of comparing the statements made by these others with his own reactions to and evaluation of the particular book. There is, of course, the element of curiosity as to the author's private, or social, life—and if a critic is fortunate enough to possess some of the details or to express an opinion in the light of personal acquaintance or superior knowledge as an explanation of the background, structure, or purpose of the book, then the bibliophile's appreciation is thereby greatly enhanced.

Mainly, however, the serious book-buyer is motivated to actual purchase by the pride of possession, by special interest in a certain author or authors, by enjoyment or appreciation of an author's previous works, and by that human quality which may be termed as precedency.

If publishers and literary journals would awaken to the fact that the book-buyer is to be appealed to as an individual of above the average intelligence who has a desire to be first, or ahead of others, in his reading or in his information regarding the world of literature, the sale of books would be increased tremendously and our First Editions would be in the thousands instead of hundreds. How is this to be accomplished? Chiefly, by the simple expedient of submitting lists of forthcoming books to known book-buyers. Why should any book reach the hands of a critic or a literary journal before those of the booklover who wishes to know what is going on as soon as the other fellow? In my own case, I know that during the past year there are several hundred dollars worth of books that I would have purchased upon publication if I had known that such volumes were to be printed. Under the prevailing system, I have been subsequently misled by the comments of some reviewer and only in a few cases have I permitted my continuing curiosity to prevail over the passivity or differing viewpoint of some well-meaning criticism.

I am well aware that there are many book stores that have this advance publication service but the information that they furnish to the prospective customer is necessarily limited. With the excellent criticisms and able articles contained in each and every issue of the *Saturday Review*, there is yet to be desired a comprehensive list of new and forthcoming books, their publication date, the name of the publisher, and an announcement as to the subject matter or, at least, the classification of each volume.

A. NONYMO (U. S.)

River Names

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of June 4 Mr. Steven T. Byington suggests that in the names of rivers discovered since Columbus, the word "river" should follow the name, and be capitalized, whereas in naming the rivers of the Old World we should put the word first, without a capital. This is a neat distinction, but it probably is not historically correct.

What appears to be the fact is that as late as the 18th century British usage on this point was still unsettled. Thereafter the usage of Great Britain and the United States crystallized, but in different forms. No doubt, as Mr. Byington says, the number of purely descriptive river names in this country had much to do with our choice.

I have before me a map of Scotland and northern England, drawn by a Lieutenant Campbell, and published in London in 1794. On it the two forms are used interchangeably, and without any discernible system. I find, for instance, "River Clyde" and "River Tyne," but likewise "Forth River," "Nith River," and "Esk River," and the latter of these was still good Scots usage when Sir Walter wrote "Lochinvar."

J. DELANCEY FERGUSON.
Western Reserve University.

AN AMERICAN NOVEL
That Requires Reading

1919

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

"What his predecessors, from Howells to Lewis, failed to do, Dos Passos has done. . . . There are readers, and there will be an increasing number of them, who, whether they can define their response or not, will gain from *1919* an aesthetic satisfaction, an emotional fulfilment. . . . They will recognize that here is not merely a keen observer, a master of narrative, a fine poet; here, they will see, is a man who restores literature to its high standing as interpretation of life."—GRANVILLE HICKS *in the Bookman.*

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The Diction of Science

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The letter of Marjorie True Gregg in your issue of June 4, and your previous sermon on style, call attention to an important subject which has been too long neglected, namely, the bad language used by writers on scientific subjects. More and more books on science are appearing each year, many of which are written in unsatisfactory English. Among other critics, James Harvey Robinson in his charming little book, "The Humanizing of Knowledge," has exposed the obscurity and pretentiousness of technical language. The veteran editor T. A. Rickard has emphasized this serious fault in his book "Technical Writing." The late E. E. Slosson likewise criticized scientific pomposity and incoherence.

Some of the suggestions offered by Miss Gregg are similar to those discussed in my recent book "English and Science" (Van Nostrand). For example, she warns against massed nouns, massed prepositions, and too many passive verbs. As she correctly states, these constructions clog one's style. More specifically, Miss Gregg dislikes such expressions as "the fact that" and "the question whether." Her interesting letter is a much-needed argument for clarity and form.

To these excellent suggestions might well be added a caution against too many negatives, and against the fondness of scientific men for the anonymous statement. For example, too many sentences are written with a beginning something like this: "Not only are we not opposed to canceling the immunity waiver, etc." Dr. Slosson remarked that after reading such a sentence, the reader might come out with a plus sign instead of a minus sign, or *vice versa*. The other point, concerning the anonymous statement which many scientists and engineers cultivate so assiduously, can be illustrated by imagining a physician writing to a patient in this fashion: "The opinion is advanced that you have influenza. The recommendation is that you go to bed and stay there. On the first of next month a bill for professional services will appear in your mail." This impersonal style became popular to show the impersonal and detached attitude of the scientific recorder, but it has been overdone and is often unduly vague and artificially modest. Moderate use of "I" would be preferable.

Other criticisms of scientific English are that the main thought is often buried at the end of a pretentious array of unnecessarily imposing words; that the transition in thought or logic between successive sentences is neglected or puzzling; that sentences are contorted and clumsy instead of simplified and smooth; and that words like "due," "which," and "while" are used too often where "because," "that," and "although" might better be used.

In general, the language of the scientific writers is too technical and professionalized rather than understandable and clear. Probably this is the consequence of being too close to the subject under investigation, and of being officious and pompous instead of helpful and sympathetic. It is of course difficult for a highly-specialized technician to keep a proper sense of proportion, but as the specialists and experts become more and more numerous and their specialties get smaller and smaller, there is great need for them to choose language that ordinary people can comprehend.

P. B. MCDONALD.
New York University.

Niagara

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

On the last page of the *Review* for June 4th my translation of "Niagara" as "The-Waterfall-that-causes-women-to-exclaim 'Gosh!'" has led to inquiries if that translation is to be taken seriously.

Quite so if we admit the rendering of "*Missâsipi*" as "*The-Father-of-Waters.*" To an Ojibway Indian the term would mean any old river that was very long and nothing more than that.

"Niâ" in the same language is the exclamation "Ah!" but used only by women because it is above the dignity of men to exclaim.

I simply employed poetic license when substituting "Gosh!" for "Ah!"

The word for a waterfall runs from "Kaka" to "Kara" in different dialects and for that reason "Niâkára" easily makes up the name of "The-Waterfall-that-causes-women-to-exclaim." Addition of the word "Falls" thus becomes tautology.

Sometimes it becomes difficult for white folks to know what an Indian has in his red mind when naming things. Thus "Nipigon" to the commonplace white mind that is not sensitive to words means only "snow water." Any poet of any tongue, however, when standing upon the banks would see at a glance that the marvellous clearness of that stream rushing over its rocky bed makes the water look like snow. If "Cheboygan" simply means "Cornstalk" we do not know if only one stalk could be made to grow there or if it was famous for the plural of that word. "Chicago" in brutal form means "skunk" but if we add "manjag" it signifies a place where onions grow. Our neighbors over there poetically add the "manjag" when writing the history of derivation of the term but leave it out of the post office address.

For the reason that my Indian terms have been picked up rather than studied I would suggest that the translation for "Niagara" be obtained from our authorities at Washington if the matter happens to be one of sufficient interest.

ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D.

"The Siege of Detroit"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Can any of your readers inform me as to the present whereabouts of an anonymous manuscript entitled "Diary of the Siege of Detroit"? This manuscript was No. 1715 in the "Catalogue of William Menzies' Library" (1875). It was published, along with some others, in F. B. Hough's "Diary of the Siege of Detroit and other authentic documents." Albany, Munsell, 1860.

At the Menzies sale the manuscript was bought by a Mr. Fisher, according to the marginalia in existing priced copies of the catalogue. Who was Mr. Fisher? Where is the manuscript now?

RANDOLPH G. ADAMS,
Director, William Clements Library.
University of Michigan.

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The New Books

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Art

CIMABUE. By ALFRED NICHOLSON. Princeton University Press. 1932.

That soberly elegant tradition of style which the late Professor Marquand inaugurated in the "Princeton Monographs" is faithfully followed by Professor Nicholson in his study of the founder of Florentine painting. It is a pleasure to find a bit of special research so carefully thought out and expressed. In the matter of attributions Professor Nicholson differs rather little from Aubert's analysis, but he is rightly sceptical of all attributions of panels beyond the famous Trinita Madonna, and the Crucifixes at Florence and Arezzo. The iconography of the darkened frescoes of Assisi is carried farther than in any previous study, and many useful details of this famous series are for the first time reproduced.

On the critical side, the author maintains that of all medieval painters in Italy Cimabue showed a unique taste in skilfully planning a vast decorative ensemble for a Gothic interior. To follow this novel and just view requires a considerable feat of reconstruction—the ability to visualize the Assisi frescoes before their blackening through chemical deterioration of the whites. One hopes that some technical method may yet be found to reverse the chemistry of time and restore approximately the original colors. It seems as if the procedures which are constantly applied to blackened drawings might here be of avail. While this young scholar's book lacks the exuberant enthusiasm of Thode's memorable survey, it is the best critical analysis of these frescoes which we have had since Thode's book of about fifty years ago, and as nearly definitive as any study of this character can be.

Biography

JOHN HANSON, OUR FIRST PRESIDENT. By SEYMOUR WEMYSS SMITH. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1932. $2.

Now that the Department of State has officially declared that George Washington was "in the most strict legal sense" and "actually and really" the first President of the United States, the enthusiastic effort of Mr. Smith to secure that honor for John Hanson of Maryland must be relegated to the limbo of other lost causes and impossible loyalties. Mr. Smith makes much of the contention, of which, of course, there can be no doubt, that the United States became possessed of a constitutional government when it adopted the Articles of Confederation, in 1781, and he would like to have us believe that when Hanson, in November of that year, was chosen president of "The United States in Congress assembled," he entered upon an office of which the presidency under the Constitution is only a continuation. Unfortunately for the argument, the Constitution not only attached a different title to the office, but transformed the powers and duties of the incumbent from those of the presiding head of a legislative body which also exercised executive and judicial functions to those of the head of a largely independent executive branch of the government. A biography of Hanson was worth doing, however, for he served both his State and the new nation faithfully in trying times, and distinguished himself by preventing Maryland from ratifying the Articles of Confederation until the public lands of the West had been safely turned over to federal control. Mr. Smith has gleaned industriously, and his book, barring the prominence given to its special thesis, is a useful historical contribution.

LEE OF VIRGINIA. By WILLIAM E. BROOKS. Bobbs-Merrill. 1932. $3.50.

In this biography the purpose of Dr. Brooks has been to focus attention upon Lee himself, to make him live again, and to present him as a devoted son and ideal representative of Virginia. As far as possible Dr. Brooks has shorn away that part of the story of Lee's career which does not contribute to a clear understanding of the character of the man and what he did. The inexpert reader is not called upon to read more than the essentials of military plans and operations, and these, together with Lee's views on the great public questions of his day, the author frequently uses to bring out the traits and feelings of his subject.

As we said, he has drawn upon some hitherto untapped sources that give light and color, but there is little factual data in the book of sufficient importance to alter or affect materially what has already been written about General Lee. The chief contribution is a change of emphasis and approach. A few of Dr. Brooks's historical judgments are open to question (viz., that John Brown's raid "made impossible the solution of the slavery question by any other means than civil war"), but these do not seriously impair the work.

While the book is written with sympathy and in a spirit approaching reverence, the author has not been blind to what appear to be some of Lee's shortcomings and mistakes. He emphasizes the opinion of Alexander H. Stephens that if Lee had taken a more positive course at the time when the Virginia Convention was debating secession in the spring of 1861, the withdrawal of the state from the Union might have been averted; and he concurs in the judgment of the English critic, Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, that there was "something parochial" about Lee's generalship. Lee failed to envisage the military problem as a whole, as did Grant and Sherman, and therefore underestimated the significance of the West as a theatre of operations. Virginia was the central point in his strategy throughout the war just as it was the object of his loyalty and affection throughout his life.

Perhaps the most striking aspect of Lee's character brought out in Dr. Brooks's study is his unfailing tenderness. In this respect he was almost feminine. No doubt in the war it was occasionally a limitation, but at the same time it won for him the sturdy faith and devotion of his troopers. The veteran who shook an empty sleeve and exclaimed, "I did it for Marse Robert and, by God, I'd do it again," reflected the fine confidence that his army had in his leadership.

THE FUN OF IT. By AMELIA EARHART. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1932. $2.50.

The good sense and winning modesty that added so happy a grace to Colonel Lindbergh's achievement in making the first solo flight across the Atlantic have found their counterpart in the manner in which Miss Earhart has met the acclaim which greeted her repetition of his hazardous venture. And after reading Miss Earhart's book, written, except for a last chapter cabled after her arrival in Ireland, before her departure, we should say that the poise and dignity which both Colonel Lindbergh and Miss Earhart have been able to maintain in the face of universal adulation are due to the same cause,—a complete absorption in the work they are doing quite regardless of any glory that may accrue from it. Like "We," "The Fun of It" is the record of a single-hearted devotion to a pursuit, and the revelation of how large a part of successful daring, eternal vigilance and meticulous painstaking are. It is also, and quite incidentally to its purpose, a portrayal of a charming personality.

"Random records," Miss Earhart calls her narrative, and begins it with the account of a normal, happy girlhood into which an interest in flying came quite without premeditation. For long, flying remained for Miss Earhart merely a side-issue, the necessity for earning a living making it only possible in the intervals of work. She set herself, however, to master it in all its aspects, and when, suddenly and dramatically, the chance came to make the first trans-oceanic flight she was completely prepared for a more active part in the undertaking than circumstances permitted her to take. Woven into her story is considerable discussion of airplanes and flying that bear evidence to the accuracy and extent of her knowledge. Such information, together with accounts of air exploits by women of various nations and of her own experiences constitute her book. It is interesting reading, not only because of what it contains but because of the engaging personality which for all its author's modesty emerges from its pages.

WARBURTON AND THE WARBURTONIANS. By A. W. EVANS. Oxford University Press. 1932.

Mr. Evans is an ardent champion of the one man who, in his contemporaries' eyes, rivalled Dr. Johnson as the Great Cham. He sets down fully the rather bewildering series of controversies which involved so many of the familiar names in the eighteenth century. As most of these battles were distinctly academic in character and as their subjects are, for the most part, dead to us today, the story is not one to hold old men from the chimney-corner or children from their play; but Warburton was, as Mr. Evans points out, a typical intellectual of his time, reflecting its strength and weaknesses and, as such, is entitled to this detailed study. The appendices supply a useful bibliography which greatly enlarges any previously published list.

THE SWORD OF GOD. Jeanne D'Arc. By GUY ENDORE. Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $3.50.

Mr. Endore tells the story of Jeanne d'Arc well. Drawing upon source material for its incidents, he presents his chronicle without questioning her miracles or evaluating his heroine's motives. He assumes that Jeanne heard her voices, that they were objective, real, and imperative. She follows their explicit instructions and unites the dispersed armies of France, captures Orleans, crowns the King, is betrayed by her own party, sold to the English, tried by the Church, and burned at the stake.

In tracing the events of her career, Mr. Endore shows a fine restraint. At times, to be sure, righteous anger against certain characters colors his story. He condemns, for instance, the "corpulent rascal" La Trémoille, adviser to King Charles; he inveighs bitterly against the English, especially the Duke of Bedford; and only reverence for the Church inspires restraint in his treatment of Bishop Cauchon, who conducted Jeanne's trial and by treachery gave her over to the English to be burned. Sympathy for Jeanne animates his pages throughout, yet he strives always for, and generally attains, objectivity of attitude. What weakens his narrative most is that he seems to feel that he must exonerate Jeanne, the Church, and Charles. He tries at the same time to defend Jeanne and the institution that condemned her. He refuses to be partial to the one at the expense of the other, although it is plain that his heart goes with Jeanne. In all fairness he wishes to tell his readers that two plus two can equal four and five without involving a contradiction. He capitulates to a kind of befuddled mystery that only the elect will understand. But he must have some outlet for his rage, so he vents it on the English. It is true that the English were cruel, but it must be admitted that they had cause to fear and hate Jeanne. From the historical point of view they were really less culpable than the French.

Mr. Endore, recognizing the fact that most readers will be interested only in the story of Jeanne, relegates to a section entitled "Discussion" the evidence on which he bases his story, and comment upon other biographies. The material he presents in these pages will interest and challenge the scholar.

"Jeanne d'Arc" is an excellent contribution to the literature of The Maid. It is interesting, dramatic, scholarly, and provocative; a stimulating study from beginning to end.

Miscellaneous

THE SAGINAW PAUL BUNYAN. By JAMES STEVENS. Woodcuts by RICHARD BENNETT. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

Having recounted the deeds of the Paul Bunyan of the Pacific Northwest timber country in a preceding volume, Mr. Stevens now goes back to origins and exploits the Bunyan legends of those home camps in the Saginaw pineries of eastern Michigan.

Be it known that this Paul Bunyan was the first king logger of the North Woods where the genuine American shanty boys—the kind "with hair on their chests and the old fight in their eyes"—had their beginnings. Paul Bunyan is the Big Feller, the all-powerful boss logger, in the hero tales of lumber-jack mythology. He and his crew combat the mighty forces of a primitive Nature, and these forces are personified and made animate, even articulate. Granted that it has not already been done, some day some practical-minded savant will connect this prodigious tall-timber lore with the natural phenomena and the rival industries early encountered by woodsmen, and thus spoil romance by rigorously simplifying it.

According to the camp bard tales upon which Mr. Stevens has drawn for inspiration, Paul Bunyan invented logging in the Quebec country in the famous winter of the Blue Snow and forthwith set onward to the Saginaw with his crew enlisted, by his orders, by Pete the First King of Europe. King Pete seized this opportunity to rid himself of the wildest of his wild men. "The least of them could send six shirt-buttons popping with one deep breath."

Well, Paul Bunyan the first Big Feller is about to conquer the Saginaw; but before he can run his spring drive down the Big Auger he must straighten that—which he does by riding it humped high in air in a final paroxysm of rage, gouging it with his toes, and scissoring it until it collapses in two hissing-hot sections.

With this auspicious start Paul Bunyan and his crew may safely be left to those gigantic adventures which should much interest the biologist and stimulate any reader who is possessed of humor and imagination. For the biologist there are the stern-wheel goebird, the gentle mince (to be hunted for mince meat), the timber-eating hodag, and the dismal dripping sauger, and those enormous hemlock-honey bees which, crossed with cow swamp-mosquitoes, sport a bill at one end and a sting at the other; for the reader at large there are not only the rubber trees and a rubber river, but the hemlock honey and the hemlock fever (both of curious effects), and the norther which, signaling of the advance of the ponderous Iron Man, sucked the blazing logs up the shanty smoke holes until, by happy thought, they were chained fast in the fire places.

LIBER CHRONICARUM. Greenwich: Country Bookshop. 1932. $8.50.

This interesting publication is a short account of the Nuremberg Chronicle, written by Mr. Ernest Johnson as an accompaniment to an actual leaf from the Chronicle. The leaves used for the purpose came from an incomplete copy of the first edition in Latin of 1493. The page before me is clean and well representative

(*Continued on next page*)

The Book-of-the-Month Club's Selection For July is

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed for the summer to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea S.W. 3, London, England. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

P. F. H., Mt. Pleasant, Mich., and C. A. S., Fredonia, Kans., ask for suggestions for a program of club study for present-day China and Japan; the first wishes also to include Russia.

IF I were on the committee I would not in this case prepare a program to approach the present turmoil in chronological order, by means of books on history and ethnology: I would plunge into the question with a statement of it in two recent books that get to their respective points as swiftly as possible: "China Speaks," by Chih Meng, and "Japan Speaks," by K. K. Kawakama, just published by Macmillan, both introduced under distinguished auspices. I would follow these with Owen Lattimore's "Manchuria: Cradle of Conflict" (Macmillan), because it not only gives the course of events leading to the crisis but shows it as part of the struggle of three ways of life, the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Russian-Western, pointing out in its summing-up the recurrent tendency on the part of China "to hope and to work for help from Russia against Japan rather than from Japan against Russia," and the "feeling that when Russia can be 'used' at all, the method of the use is plain and the results calculable; but that any attempt to 'use' Japan is profoundly dangerous." Events lately have indeed been hard on theories popular some ten years since among amateur ethnologists. Another recent and authoritative book on this subject is "Manchuria: The Cockpit of Asia" (Stokes), by Col. P. T. Etherton, former English counsel in Chinese Turkestan, and H. H. Tiltman.

I am taking it for granted that the club has access, as individuals or through the public library, to well-known works of reference, such as Dr. E. T. Williams's "China Yesterday and Today" (Crowell), which has been revised to the present time, and this reply goes no further back in date of publication than 1930, when Lady Hosie's "Portrait of a Chinese Lady" (Morrow) appeared. This is personal and conversational; the characters are even introduced through a *dramatis personæ*, the leading lady being Mrs. Sung of Shanghai, who, with her husband and two charming young children, brings the reader—through a sympathetic English woman born in the Honorable Kingdom—to life of our own time and with our own kind of people in the Chinese Republic of our day. "Realism in Romantic Japan," by Miriam Beard (Macmillan), is an unusual travel book, a thoughtful and sympathetic inquiry such as one might expect from the daughter of Charles and Mary Beard, into present-day ideals and conditions, especially in intellectual circles. It has many uncommon photographs. "Meet the Japanese," by H. A. Phillips (Lippincott), one of a series with similar titles, is an illustrated travel book just from the press; he has previously proved in a similar manner that he enjoyed Germany and Spain.

On the subject of religion, in which one of these groups is especially interested, I suggest as a good book to be added to the local or club library, or to the personal collection of anyone interested in comparative study of the world's faiths, the recently published collection of monographs by eminent authorities, "Religions of the World" (Harcourt, Brace), in one large volume, edited by Carl Clemens. This has a thoroughgoing and discriminating analysis and succinct history of each of the world's great religious systems, including Christian and Jewish. The sections on Japanese and on Chinese religions are both by F. E. A. Krause, and there is one on Buddhism by Heinrich Hackmann; it is altogether a useful work of reference and interesting to read. A little book by the famous sinologue Dr. Richard Wilhelm, "Confucius and Confucianism" (Harcourt, Brace), gives a brief life of the sage, a critical examination of the canonical books, and a statement of doctrine with short selections from the text to make these clear. Thus the doctrine of the mean here may seem really golden instead of the utilitarian drab in which Occidental idealism sometimes clothes it, when it is described—in the selection from the Chung Yung:

> At the point where the feelings of pleasure, of sadness, and of joy have not yet made their appearance, at that point is the germ of our spiritual being. Where these feelings express themselves and all strike the correct rhythm, at that point is the state of harmonious motion. This harmonious motion is the only path in the world which leads to the goal. If the spiritual germ and the harmonious motion are realized, heaven and earth are in order, and all beings are developed.

One seems to remember the chapter on Chinese civilization in Havelock Ellis's "The Dance of Life" (Houghton Mifflin)—a chapter, by the way, that so opened my naturally unceremonious mind to the usefulness of ceremonial as a sort of spiritual traffic law, that for six weeks after I had positively rhythmic manners.

For fiction with a reliable contemporary scene, there is of course for China "The Good Earth" and Mrs. Buck's earlier novel for younger readers, "The Young Revolutionist" (Day). I am not troubled unduly by the missionary flavor of the latter work; after all, it does involve a missionary situation, and it would be hard to see how any sort of a revolution could be conducted without fervor and conviction, of whatever sort. The inner reason for the downfall of the Chinese General, in Grace Zaring Stone's unforgettable "Bitter Tea of General Yen" (Bobbs-Merrill), seems to have been that he was incapable of conviction or fervor about anything at all. "Ann Zu-zan," by Louise Jordan Miln (Stokes), is about a very modern Chinese girl with ideas of her own; an amusing work by a writer who knows her scene. A book for younger readers—not so young at that—is "Young Fu of the Upper Yang-tse" (Winston), also a revolutionary story of today and based on extended personal experience. There is a recently published novel of contemporary Japan, "The Mother," by Yusuke Tsurumi (Henkle), which gives in the course of a former peasant girl's career as wife and widow of a wealthy man, much of the detail of social life and customs in which this group is interested. "The Cannery Boat," a collection of short stories by younger Japanese authors, is published by the International Co. One who may be interested in Chinese Yoga will find it the subject of the recently translated "Secret of the Golden Flower" (Harcourt, Brace), translated into English by Cary F. Baynes from the German version of Dr. Wilhelm.

"Twenty Years of the Chinese Republic," by Harold A. Van Dorn of Rutgers (Knopf), is a spirited history of the new régime. "Europe and China," by G. F. Hudson, is a sweep over the field of contacts and influences of all kinds, from pre-Christian times to the close of the nineteenth century, between European civilization and that of China. There have been two histories of unusual value to students or for library use: "Japan, a Cultural History," by George Bailey Sansom (Century), goes from prehistoric times to 1868; "Short History of China," by E. T. Williams (Harper), is a comprehensive survey showing the development of the Chinese people by periods over four thousand years. For a brief historical résumé, necessarily compressed to the utmost, in which a reader of newspapers and magazines can get his bearings and a certain sense of background, there is "Asia: A Short History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," by Herbert H. Gowen (Little, Brown, 1926). Its usefulness is mainly in connecting European and American history with Asiatic affairs.

For non-partisan enlightenment on contemporary Russia and its social ideals now working in the Far Eastern ferment, my choice for a reading club would be "New Minds, New Men?" by Thomas Woody (Macmillan), a careful study of the emergence of the Soviet citizen; for the emergence of the new régime from the old, "Soviet Russia," by William H. Chamberlin (Little, Brown). There are surprises in store for some American readers in "The Protection of Women and Children in Soviet Russia," by Alice Withrow Field (Dutton); it will enlighten many of us not only on the importance placed on child health and welfare, but on the sound practicality with which plans for this and for the safeguarding of working mothers seem to be in process of undertaking. The book keeps well out of partisanship, even of politics. For fiction of documentary value, "Soviet River," by Leonid Leonov (Dial), is one of the very few novels coming to us from inside the Five Year Plan, which it shows in full flood. There is no mistaking its fervor and fidelity, and I wish I could get as interested in it as I do in Dostoievsky. But those unregenerate and unhappy individualists of his, unsocial and unsanitary as they were, did somehow manage to hold a reader's eye to the page for a greater number of pages than a collective soul keeps one going. "The City of the Red Plague," by George Popoff (Dutton), describes what took place in Riga while it was in the hands of the Bolsheviks, and gives an idea of the sort of huddled and excited experimentation in life and death that goes on at such a time.

R. E., New York City, is trying her hand at writing short plays for children "because those available never quite seem to fit the groups I teach," and would like books on how to write short plays for children. "The Little Theatre in School," by Lilian Foster Collins (Dodd, Mead), has an excellent section on "Writing Plays with Children." The way in which the author builds up the stage plan first, so that the young collaborators can visualize the scene as they write, establishes confidence in the mind of the reader, who then sees the play keep on growing as children help to bring it into being, just as they will do in real life if given a fair chance. Another useful and stimulating work is "Play-making and Plays," by John Merrill and Martha Fleming (Macmillan); this is for elementary and secondary schools and has a wide spread over the necessary subjects. "Playing Theatre," by Clare Tree Major (Oxford University Press), gives several lively and pretty plays and directions for their production by a well-known authority on young theatres. Children like especially the "Patchwork Plays" of Rachel Field (Doubleday, Doran) and take joyously to their production, either by themselves or with puppets.

REMEMBERING my moans that the ancient covered bridge at West Hartford, Vermont, had been torn away by the floods, Jane Terrill of Longmans, a Vermonter married to a Vermonter, sends me from a motor-trip including Black River and West Charleston photographic post-cards proving that two of these loveliest of New England bridges are still actively functioning in these localities. Then Bertha Gunterman of Longmans sent me the April number of the *Maine Library Bulletin*, which has photographs of no less than four of the most enchanting covered bridges in that state, also a brief list of Maine authors, in case I am asked for another state list. The prize book on this subject is of course Clara Wagemann's "Covered Bridges of New England" (Rudge), a treasure indeed. And some anonymous gloater in England forwarded to be sent to the Vermont inquirer who asked for books on amateur beer-making, a pamphlet, "Modern Methods in the Brewing of Beer"; I'll send it on to him, even though it does turn out to be a report from the *Industrial Chemist* on the present activities of Truman's, a firm founded in 1666 and still enthusiastically encouraged by the British public.

S. T. B., East Cambridge, Mass., on behalf of a young artist going abroad, asks for a conversation book that will loosen up the joints of an acquaintance of French hitherto maintained chiefly by reading, enough to let him make his way about in a strange country. "Brush Up Your French," by W. G. Hartog (Brentano), has been emphatically commended by travellers; it comes in two little books of ascending difficulty and there is a similar beginning book called "Brush Up Your German," by J. B. C. Grundy (Brentano), that will be found useful likewise. Another practical and interesting compendium is "French à la Mode," by E. E. Pattou (Houghton Mifflin), who prepared the "Conversations Militaires" much used during the war. These works should have been brought to the attention of Miss Beatrice Lillie, who complained that her English-French phrase-book was made up chiefly of complaints and quoted a few sample statements to the ship reporters to prove that if she were to study it for three weeks she would be the most unpopular Englishwoman in Paris. This is an important point if one is to be entertained abroad; if you are being taken about to see the local sights it will be far more important to give—as almost no phrase-book really does—twenty working equivalents for the word *charming*, than to provide you with material for demanding a seat that is not in the draft.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of the book as a whole. It is to be regretted that Mr. Johnson's accompanying excursus is too florid to be as satisfactory as it might be: a simple statement of the historical facts about its printing would have been better.

As in the case of the Gutenberg volume mentioned above, it is to be regretted that an excellent publishing idea should have suffered from what seems to be an inadequate appreciation of the scholarly obligation on the part of one who writes about incunabula.

PHRASAL PATTERNS IN ENGLISH PROSE. By *John Hubert Scott* and *Zilpha E. Chandler*. Ronald Press. $4.

WHY HOOVER FACES DEFEAT. By *Robert Allen*. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. $2.

ROUND THE HORN IN A SQUARE RIGGER. By *Capt. Irving Johnson*. Springfield: Bradley. $1.75.

ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN. By *Guy Parsloe*. Longmans, Green. $1.25.

LONDON. By *H. G. Corner*. Longmans, Green.

TROMBONERS. Knopf. $1 net.

THE HIGHWAY TO HOSTILITIES IN THE FAR EAST. By *George Bronson Rea*. Shanghai: Japanese Association in China.

OUR FRIEND THE COCKER SPANIEL. Edited by *Rowland Johns*. Dutton. $1.

OUR FRIEND THE CAIRN. Edited by *Rowland Johns*. Dutton. $1.

Religion

PRAYER. By FRIEDRICH HEILER. Translated by SAMUEL MCCOMB. Oxford University Press. 1932. $3.75.

Since the death of the Baron von Hügel, Dr. Friedrich Heiler, professor of the History of Religions in the University of Marburg, has come to be generally regarded as the foremost living theologian. The praise implied by such a superlative is, however, seriously limited by the small number of his rivals in an age which is less and less concerned with theology. The Catholic Von Hügel ably championed the cause of institutionalized religion; the Protestant Heiler considerably less ably defends the claims of personal religion. Unlike Von Hügel, he makes little use of philosophy which he regards as either an untrustworthy ally or, in its more rationalistic forms, as an avowed enemy. The heart of religion, he insists, resides in prayer. In opposition to the modernists, he refuses to accept aspiration or even worship as an adequate substitute for prayer. The latter is for him one thing and one thing alone—actual communion with a personal God. To his support he brings the testimony of a host of religious leaders and teachers—Jesus, St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Francis, Luther, Calvin, and many others.

If one accepts his presupposition—the known existence of a personal God with whom communion is possible—there seems no reason to deny his conclusion. But it is noticeable that his witnesses virtually all belong to the Christian tradition. Thus, while he may prove that prayer, in his sense, is the heart of orthodox Christianity, he certainly does not prove what he set out to prove, that it is the heart of all religion. More original is his distinction, on which he lays great stress, between mystical and prophetic prayer, the former addressed to the perfection of the solitary individual, the latter to the uplifting of the race. The very real contrast between these two types is, however, sharpened by him into such opposition that his conclusion that both forms are valid becomes logically untenable. But if here, and frequently elsewhere, Dr. Heiler disregards every law of logic, brazenly reasoning in circles, openly begging questions, and triumphantly reaching irrelevant conclusions, he does so knowingly and is at least logically consistent in his contempt for logic which he throughout considers the sworn foe of religion. And in this, it is almost needless to point out, his attitude is also consistent with the traditional mood of Protestantism.

Prayer has genuine significance as a valiant reactionary effort. Taking its stand upon history and tradition, it gives no quarter to modern humanitarianism. If there is a God with whom man can commune, all else is dross in comparison. No temporal interest—not truth, not beauty, not human love, not even the happiness of all mankind—can be pursued for its own sake without constituting an insult to the eternal. The hostility of historic Christianity to every form of culture was never more stringently asserted than by Dr. Heiler. In thus clarifying the issue between traditionalism and modernism, his book undoubtedly performs a genuine service.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

CHANGES of fashion in fiction:—in Louis Tracy's good old yarn, *The Wings of the Morning* (Clode, 1903), the heroine, cast on a desert island alone with the hero, soon wore out her only dress. There were lots of trousers saved from the wreck, but she was appalled at the immodesty of wearing them. She said she couldn't do so unless the hero would move to another island.

In Cutcliffe Hyne's *Kate Meredith, Financier* (1906) the very smart young heroine was a demon motorist, sometimes hitting 40 m.p.h. For driving she wore "a Paris hat pinned into place with infinite care, covered with a capacious motor veil, and over that another veil which had in it a protective window of talc." *Kate Meredith, Financier,* was published by The Authors and Newspapers Association, and the title page bore the enigmatic statement, "The Sale of this book in New York and Philadelphia is confined to the stores of John Wanamaker."

To refresh your memory of what novelists' heroines looked like in the good old days, here is a frontispiece from a novel of 1903, *The Duke Decides,* by Headon Hill, published by A. Wessels.—

We don't hear of Headon Hill nowadays, but he was very prolific in his time.

For the most graceful and cautious way of saying that its rates have been lowered, we nominate a hotel on Central Park South. In a letter to prospective patrons it emphasizes its "quickened sense of financial cooperation in these times."

Forty years ago, in *Harpers* "Easy Chair," that pensive and now almost forgotten Staten Islander, George William Curtis, wrote: "A wise newspaper recently advised every American who could do so to see a national nominating convention. It is a spectacle visible in no other country, and the more exciting because the result is at the mercy of chance. The action of the convention is a lottery. Suddenly, at the decisive moment, an unexpected combination, an impulse, a whim, like an overwhelming tidal wave, sweeps away all plans and calculations, and the result is as complete as it is unanticipated."

It is curious to remember that perhaps the earliest description of the relations between speakeasies and police was written by the present Poet Laureate of England. You'll find it, *A Raines Law Arrest,* in John Masefield's *A Tarpaulin Muster* (Grant Richards, 1907). It begins, with delightful vigor: "When I was working in a New York saloon I saw something of the city police. I was there shortly after the Lexow Commission, at a time when the city was groaning beneath the yoke of an unaccustomed purity."

A Tarpaulin Muster, one of Masefield's earliest publications, was mostly reprinted from sketches written for the Manchester *Guardian.* It is an item much valued by collectors. I wish some expert would tell me how much it is worth at present rates of desirability.

One of the paintings that has attracted most attention at the open air show of the Gotham Book Mart (51 West 47) is "Madonna and Babe" by Siegfried Schutzman. The Babe of this innocently humorous canvas is Babe Ruth. We asked the artist to give us some notes of his career. He wrestled for some time with paper and pencil, and then produced this modest and candid autobiography: "Born in Brooklyn 20 yrs ago. Attended Art Students League in times of wealth. Try to sell paintings, but if necessary will clean streets."

H. G. Wells in *The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind* makes the interesting point that documentary records of minor litterateurs are available in excess, but the papers of important business men and industrialists are hard to find. He says:

> While the poor little affairs of obscure, industrious men of letters are made the subject of intensive research and every scrap of their unimportant private correspondence commands the money of eager collectors, the far more romantic, thrilling, and illuminating documents about the seekers and makers of great fortunes are neither gathered nor cherished. Beautifully preserved First Editions, autographs, and the self-conscious love letters of a thousand insignificant scribblers leap to the historian's hand, while hardly a scrap of early Harmsworthiana or Zaharoffiana or Lowensteiniana is forthcoming.

The two most exciting book reviews Old Quercus has read lately were Herbert Gorman's on *The English Poetic Mind* (by Charles Williams; Oxford Press) in the New York *Evening Post,* June 16; and Stuart Chase's on Miss Tarbell's *Life of Owen D. Young* in this *Review,* June 25.

A welcome caller in the *Saturday Review* office was Mrs. Dorothea Hoover, our subscriber in Joplin, Mo., who came in to tell the Editor that she likes the magazine. She reported that on June 19, "Father's Day," she went round Manhattan Island in the excursion boat. The cicerone stated that that day was the Statue of Liberty's forty-seventh birthday.

That may account for some of Liberty's queer behavior in recent years. But the association between Liberty and Father seems very obscure.

Mr. H. C. Kinsey, the publisher, is so pleased with his book, *Death of John Tait,* by A. Fielding, that he offers to be host at lunch to any book reviewer who can name the murderer before reading the last chapter.

One of the most exclusive literary clubs in the world is that which meets occasionally in the back room of William H. Allen's bookshop at 3345 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia. It is named the Tillinghurst Club, after Mr. Allen's famous cat. The new P. R. R. terminal is being built in West Philadelphia for the convenience of travellers who wish to arrive as near as possible to Bill Allen's bookshop. Mr. Allen's *mot* on his home town is appreciated by many: "Philadelphia is particularly full of famous people who have never been heard of."

A prominent jeweler on Fifth Avenue recently displayed three charming little glass cases in his window. One contained a little bit of gray chinchilla fur with diamonds and rubies nestling on it. Another held a flacon of French perfume. The third enclosed an orchid. A card said: "Women have eternally yearned for these rarest of possessions—the ultimate expressions of the art of living."

But what about Books? Is not a great book, in a scarce or beautiful edition, inestimably more distinguished, more precious, more—yes—more Ultimate? Well, Fifth Avenue Association, we pause for a reply?

PERSONALS

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BOSTON BUSSES — United States Tires. How long is this to continue? Young Beanshooter, weary of the New England embrace, will escape with any congenial extrovert. Meet Greyhound Bus Terminal near Statler Hotel. Carry *Hibbert Journal* for recognition.—BACK BAY, c/o *Saturday Review.*

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I MET A LADY AT DODD MEAD'S, Full beautiful, a faery's child, Her hair was bobbed, her foot was light, and her eyes were wild.—If same cares to pursue the conversation address JUNKETS, c/o *Saturday Review.*

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RED FLANNELS letters received. Thank you dear—try some more—Always the same Sally.

MACAULAY—But hark! the cry is Astor. Watch my stately stride. LORD OF LUNA.

KRISHNA—Meet me at Harmony Book Shop, West 49 Street, to discuss Freemasonry, Astrology, Projection of the Astral Body, Rosicrucianism, and the Ephemerides. Bring copy of Richet: *Our 6th Sense.*——PYTHAGORAS.

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THE ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET, *whose new book* WHAT WE LIVE BY *is published this week*

In the solitude of his own inner sanctum not far from Notre Dame in Paris, the author of *The Art of Thinking* has been working for more than three years on a new book.

Wisely he has resisted all temptation to "turn out" a quick sequel to that spectacular triumph of yesteryear. Unchanged by glory and unspoiled by a best-seller, the ABBÉ DIMNET has written slowly, deeply, swerving not one iota from the inner light of his own integrity. The result is the book published this week under the title *What We Live By*.

Here is the sort of book which enables *The Inner Sanctum*, in all homage, to say, *What We Publish For*.

With the same wisdom, winged with wit, which illumined every page of *The Art of Thinking*, THE ABBÉ DIMNET turns from the adventure of the mind to the adventure of the soul, and confronts issues that are genuinely crucial—the foundation of faith, the definition of immortality, the nature of the universe, and the supreme art of arts—the art of living. "Anxiety about great issues," he says, "gives our life its nobility."

If we accept the author's charmingly unacademic definition that "philosophy is a human quest carried on at a proper altitude," *What We Live By* is a philosophical work dealing with first and last things. It is a serene inquiry into the good, the true and the beautiful. . . . an examination of "the superiority we call culture," . . . a veritable "manual of happiness." But more than all these it is an informal discourse with an inspiring teacher, an interchange of thoughts and experiences with a friend.

—ESSANDESS.

To the Departing Vacationer:

If you are planning to be far away from the source of books this summer—at your camp in Maine or your cottage on the shores of the Pacific, in any of the summer resorts scattered over America—or even travelling abroad, The Saturday Review will follow you faithfully wherever you may wander. It will bring you news of new books from which you can choose the ones you want. The list can be mailed to your favorite bookseller at home and you will be saved from the fate of finding yourself in a bookless wilderness on those inevitable dog-days when the pine woods are drenched in rain or a sea-fog rolls in and envelops the universe.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

WILLIAM TROY, in a recent *Nation*, takes a good many words to explain what the Paris magazine *transition's* idea of the "Apocalypse of the Word" is and how we must either accept or reject it. Vatic, orphic, mantic, anamythic, and God knows what all, the *transitional* poets of tomorrow desire to be. We sincerely hope they won't! It sounds too infernally dull. William Troy, though also rather dull, is sound in the main in his comments, except when he makes such a statement as:

> Certainly no reader of contemporary writing can help agreeing, for example, that all but the best of it is written in a style that is rapidly losing whatever direct associations with the senses the language once possessed.

If one writes in the above style, which has the dulcet trickling of water through a sieve, this may be true. And when one says "all but the best of it" one has left one's self a considerable "out." And, to be sure, there is a good deal of "weary journalese" current. But any really good writer can do wonders still with the staggering old language. People who can't really write in the first place and have nothing in particular to say (we are not referring to Mr. Troy) seek the "Apocalypse of the Word," because only by becoming vatic, orphic, mantic, anamythic, or what have you, can they attain to the pretentiousness they naturally covet. Further on, we disagree with Mr. Troy as to "the cleansing process" wrought on the English language by *Gertrude Stein*. It has never seemed to us that she gave words a really good rinse. *Sherwood Anderson* was once enthusiastic over her process; but then he ceased to write anything really interesting some years ago. The truth is that the English language, rendered grammatically, is still susceptible of expressing in a fresh and delightful way anything that is worth expression. If those who cannot use it prefer to make up their own Choctaw, they will doubtless interest themselves and a few others. But they won't accomplish anything more than the setting up of a literary sideshow. . . .

In the current *Mercury*, *Edgar Lee Masters* takes a fall out of the outstanding New England poets, *Frost* and *Robinson*, blows the ram's horn for *Lindsay*, and becomes enthusiastic concerning *James Whitcomb Riley*. As a survey of the outburst of poetry in America back in 1914, Masters's is anything but a first-rate performance. He is welcome to his own opinions, and they are drastic, but we think him quite wrong on a number of counts. It is possible that in long perspective both Frost and Robinson will be found to have been over-valued by the passing generation. Such things have happened before. But to dismiss them as summarily as does Masters is not to appeal to the reason. . . .

George Frisbee writes us from San Francisco:

> Your turtle tale is a joy. We have three. Sex unknown. In our garden on the heights overlooking San Francisco Bay and four counties they add distinction to our 8x12 pool. It is lovely now. Gorgeous lilies with petals ranging from ivory to pink, relieved by stamens of vivid yellow. In and out dash and dart swift goldfish. We know the mamma fishes; at times. But we are non-plussed at turtle-sex. They are intelligent and observing. When our Filipino boy, who feeds them, plants his foot on the step leading to the garden, the three line up on their rock landing, crane their necks, wink and chatter to beat the band, eager for a handout of good old Hamburg steak. Then they are all for one; food. After the gorge they ignore each other. You see, one is from Florida, one from the Tropics, and one from a Japanese fish store. They do not mingle except at table.

Like so many human beings! *Sarah Virginia Lewis* of Seattle reminds us of *Ogden Nash's* famous quatrain beginning, "The turtle lives 'twixt armoured decks Which practically conceal its sex—," which we printed *in toto* in an old *Nest*. . . .

The recent production by the Players' Club of *Shakespeare's* "Troilus and Cressida," which we witnessed with mingled enjoyment and boredom, reminds us that, in their new unlimited editions, Random House will bring out, the first of next December, a new modern verse-rendering by *George Philip Krapp* of *Chaucer's* "Troylus and Cressida," with fifty engravings by *Eric Gill*. This book has also been chosen as the Literary Guild selection for December, ten months in advance of publication. . . .

When *Emily Hahn* landed from the *Bremen* she got into the news as a young writer who had lived for a year in the Belgian Congo as the only white woman within a wide radius. She is the author of the amusing "Seductio ad Absurdum," and of a first novel of youth in New Mexico. She has since finished a book on the Royal Society of London and has amassed enough material from the African experience to make another interesting volume. . . .

The Viking Press will have a new *Yeats-Brown* book, "The Bloody Years," out on October third. His "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" is now being filmed in Hollywood, and at the time his new book is published he will arrive in the United States on a countrywide lecture tour. In this new book he enlarges upon his Turkish experiences, which were just touched upon in the former volume. . . .

R. N. Linscott, advertising manager for Houghton Mifflin, and welcome visitor at the *Saturday Review* office whenever he is in town, is editing, we hear, an omnibus of American humor to be called "Comic Relief," which strikes us as an excellent title. As Linscott has a fine discrimination in regard to books, his compilation should be worth seeing. . . .

The same firm boasts a detective-story writer who is the brother of *T. S. Eliot*, namely, *Henry W. Eliot, Jr.*, author of "The Rumble Murders." . . .

James B. O'Neil of 1228 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, California, is now inviting subscriptions to The Bar Cross Edition of the Works of *Eugene Manlove Rhodes*, in ten volumes. The illustrations to the books are done by *Ed. Borein*, a remarkable Western etcher, and by *Maynard Dixon*, a notable Western illustrator. The edition will be ready for delivery by or before December 1st, and is limited to 3,500 sets, the price of the set of ten volumes being fifty dollars, express prepaid. . . .

The commentator in another department of this periodical, which (we mean Round about Parnassus, not the periodical), for dearth of material, will become much more occasional during the summer, recently mentioned, in connection with translations of *Petrarch*, notably *Auslander's*, the earlier work done by *Agnes Tobin*, a San Franciscan, in her "On the Death of Madonna Laura," translations from Petrarch published as long ago as 1906 by William Heinemann in London. He dwelt particularly upon Miss Tobin's dedication to that volume. He desires us to refer here to a letter recently received from the Coast from the California poet, *Hildegarde Flanner*, sending him a copy of this dedication and also copies of several of Miss Tobin's translations of Petrarch's sonnets. One that we think particularly remarkable we reproduce here, both because it employs the image of the phœnix and also has other notable virtues.

SONNETT LIII

Is this the nest in which my Phœnix dressed
Daily in all her gold and rosy things,
Folding my heart in shadow of her wings
To listen to its clamor near her breast?
O root of my dear sickness, let me rest!
O sweet face, whence God's light its glory flings!
O parted mouth, wherefor my darkness rings!
O mouth, O face, Earth is mournful for your sake.
Look upon me you left alone, Unwise!—
And bondsman to the things these walls awake.
Night on the hills where your bright footprint lies,
The hills which you for awful hills forsake,
The hills which knew the daybreak of your eyes!

As a matter of fact, Miss Flanner must, we think, have unconsciously omitted a line in copying the poem, but even so one can gain a very good idea of the splendor of Miss Tobin's translation, and wonder why so fine a woman poet seems now so utterly forgotten in the annals of American song! THE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

"A piece of the past come to life," is what Mr. Lewis Gannett called *The Diary of a country Parson*.[1] Another reviewer declared that he "could wish the derelict on his desert island no better fate than that the five volumes of Parson Woodforde should be washed ashore in a strip of tarpaulin." Sad indeed was the day when the shadow of approaching dissolution fell across the closing pages of the final volume.

Mr. John Beresford, the editor of the *Diary*, has lately produced a delightful volume of essays on eighteenth-century life, of which the principal one is an account of the Reverend Thomas Roger Du Quesne, a very favorite neighbor of Parson Woodforde's.

"Readers of the Woodforde Diary," says Mr. Beresford, "will wish to be reminded that the first time Parson Woodforde heard of Mr. Du Quesne was on the evening of November 18, 1775, when he received at New College, Oxford, a letter which was not wholly pleasing to him. This conveyed news about the thorny question of dilapidations at Weston Parsonage, where Parson Woodforde was so shortly to take up his residence. Mrs. Ridley, the widow of the late incumbent of Weston, had asked Mr. Du Quesne and a local carpenter to 'survey' the dilapidations, and they brought them to no more than £26-9s. Whereupon the Diarist enters one of those rare but delectable *N. B.s*: 'N. B. a very wide difference between us indeed!' As his own survey had come to £175, there was ground for this melancholy note." In spite of this inauspicious beginning, they later became fast friends.

But all eighteenth-century clergymen were not of the Reverend James Woodforde's gentle temper. "The Most Impuden Man Alive" was the mild title applied by Lord Bolingbroke to William Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, and celebrated eighteenth-century controversialist, who is the subject of a book, *Warburton and The Warburtonians*[2] by A.W.Evans, which the Oxford Press has just published. Another writer, attacking Warburton's edition of Shakespeare, declared that it showed "Disingenuity, Spite, evil Surmisings, unfair Dealing, Vanity, Presumption, Idle Shifts and Evasions." But Warburton, Dean and Bishop as he was, could give better than he got. Warburton wrote of one set of opponents: "I shall hang him and his fellows as they do vermin in a warren, and leave them to posterity to stink and blacken in the wind. . . ."

Warburton's vocabulary, however, was austerely limited, judged by the standards of his day, as we found out after one startled and delighted glance into Eric Partridge's new edition of *A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*[3] (1785) by Francis Grose—

> "And wow! he has an unco slight
> O' cauk and keel"—

as his friend Burns wrote of him.

Speaking of Burns, Professor Ferguson's new edition of *The Letters of Robert Burns*[4] has just given us a fresh conception of that much misconstrued man.

And speaking of letters and the eighteenth century—don't fail to acquire *The Letters of David Hume*[5] in the new definitive edition by J. Y. T. Greig.

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